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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TIM BOBBIN, ESQ.

CONTAINING

HIS VIEW OF THE

Lancaſhire Dialect;

WITH LARGE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ALSO

His Poem of the

FLYING DRAGON

AND THE

MAN OF HEATON.

Together with other his Whimſical Amuſements,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SOME OF WHICH NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The following Obſervations may be uſeful to thoſe who are Strangers to the Lancaſhire Pronunciation.

IN ſome Places in *Lancaſhire* we ſound *a* inſtead of *o*, and *o* inſtead of *a*. For example we ſay *far*, inſtead of *for*; *ſhart* inſtead of *ſhort*; and again we ſay *hort*, inſtead of *heart*; and *port*, inſtead of *part*; *hont*, inſtead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *All* are generally ſounded broad, as *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In ſome places we ſound *k*, inſtead of *g*; as *think*, inſtead of *thing*; *wooink* for *wooing*, &c.

The Letter *d* at the End of Words, and the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for *wind*; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In ſome Parts it is common to ſound *ou*, and *ow* as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or *Ca*) for *Cow*. In other Places we ſound the *ou* and *ow* as *eu*; as *theaw*, for *thou*; *Keaw* for *Cow*; *Heawſe*, for *Houſe*; *Meawſe*, for *Mouſe*.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally retain'd but mute; as *hat'n*, *lov'n*, *deſir'n*, *think'n*, *bought'n*, &c.

In general we ſpeak quick and ſhort; and cut off a great many Letters, and even Words by Apoſtrophies; and ſometimes ſound two,

three or more Words as one. For inſtance, we ſay *I'll got'* or (*I'll gut'*), for *I'll go to*; *runt'*, for *run to*; *hooſt*, for *ſhe ſhall*; *intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will*; *I wou'diddn*, for *I wiſh you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has now flouriſh'd for near a Century, the Inhabitants not only Travel, but encourage all Sorts of uſeful Learning; ſo that among Hills, and Places formerly unfrequented by Strangers, the People begin within the few years of the Author's Obſervations to ſpeak much better Engliſh; if it can properly be called ſo.

READER.

Hear a Spon-new Cank between th' Eawther and his Buk.

TIM BOBBIN *enters by his ſell, beawt Wig; Grinning an ſcratting his nob.*

Tim. GOOD lorjus deys, whot woſo Times ar' theeſe!
Pot-baws ar ſcant, an dear is Seawl an Cheeſe!
Eawr Gotum Guides hus ſeely Sheep dun rob;
Oytch Publick Truſt is choyng'd into a Job;
Leys, Taxes, Cuſtoms, meyn our plucks to throb!
Yet I'm war thrutch'd, between two arran Rogues,
For bigger Skawndrills never treed o'brogues,
Than Finch an Stuart—Strawngers to aw reet,
They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?
This meys me neaw, to croſs theeſe Raſcots eends
To ſend agen to my owd truſty Friends:
For Truth is Truth, tho't ſavours like a Pun,
I'm poor God wot---

Buk. Heaw ſo?

Tim. My Crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who who whoo-who whoo! Whot pleagu't withth' owd Company? Rime an Poverty gen! Neaw een the Dule Scrat o'---I thowt d'n go bank; for yoar Sib to thooſe Gotum tikes teth complen'n ſo, on ar nee'r ſatisfy'd,

Tim. Whooas tat tee owd Friend? I thowt teawd n jaunting it like hey-gomad, whey thooſe Foſter Feathers o'thine, *Stuart, Finch,* an *Schofield, o' Middlewich*

Buk. Ne beleady naw I; I'd ſcornt' touch ſitch owſments with Tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot tat Creawſe tike *Stuart*, and Clummerheads *Finch*, an *Schofield*, han donn'd oytch on um a Bantling eh three o' the keſt-off Jumps, and think'nt put *Yorſhar* o' fok? It's ſitch wark os 'tis ot meys met' ſcrat where eh dunnaw Itch; hears to me?

Buk. Yigh yigh; I've heard on't; boh the Dule ride humpſtridd'n o begging, o' thooſe ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a Gillhooter, ſey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dey! Belike theaw does naw know ot thooſe ott'n Steyl win lye: an ot teyn mey no bawks o telling fok, ot teres iſt reet breed o' Bandyhewits; an to clench it, they'n ſhew ther Whelps e' the owd Petch-wark jump—an hew then?

Buk. Ney this is a Cutter tootoo! a wofo Bleffin indeed! Boh iſter no wey o cumming meet with um? s'fleſh I'd Rime on um, or ſummot.---Yoar us't e cudd'n at Rim't.

Tim. Oddsfiſh; they're partly like Karron Crows, mon; they're naw worth me Shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think; dunneh aim at ſending me eawt agen on another tramp?

Tim. Wuns eigh; theawrt likt' ſtrowll ogen, as ſhure os a Tup's a Sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o paſh at Piggin if e pede for Garthing; do yo' clap ſome pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh' plene Print hond, ot oytch body mey ſee um, chez where eh cum.

Tim. I did Berm up ſeme Rhimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's* Shop e *Wiggin*; boh they're fitch rackleſs dozening Gawbies; ot I think o ſharp Red-whot Whotyel wou'd naw prick a Priate's Conſcience; for theyn nother Feeling, Sheme, nor Greaſe!

Buk. Do as I did o' for wonſt; let't leet heaw't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my Heart—boh howd; le

me ſee its none ſo good t' begin o Riming, ot I ſee on —hum—neaw fort.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,
Our ruling Men are only Th—es of State.

Buk. Howd howd howd, the Dickons tak o'!--- I ſee whot's topmoſt; yoan be hong'd or ſome Miſchief-- on then aw'll be whooup with o' efeath!

Tim. Not e Goddil belike!- -duſt think ſo?—'ſlid boh I hete honging--do thee ſet ogete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o thiſs'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart*!—ſnittering *Finch*! yo known
Virtue has laſt o'—I uth is fro o' flown!
Pirate's a Name——

Tim. Whot te Dule art' woode--Whot il't doo weh this Whiffo whaffo Stuff? duſt think Rime mun owlus tawk ſtump Loncaſhire?

Buk. Eigh, why naw: let um ſpeyk greadly os we done e Godinum.

Tim. Ne ne; ittle naw doo; to mitch of owt's good for nowt; heawe'er in't wou'd hav' umt' mee on ſome heaw o that'n, theyd'n bettert be o thiſs'n

Ah, doughty *Stuart*! worthy *Finch*! you know
Virtue's a Bubble—Honeſty a Show!
Pirate's a Name, you're not aſham'd to own,
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto Tim's all-one.
Such Men as theſe for gaining of Groat
If ſcreen'd by Law—wou'd——

Neaw byth' maſkins if I be naw faſt!

Buk. Then yoer faſt with a little efeath; for I con loſe o' e that point.

Tim. Le me ſee--ho, neaw I height, it's be,

Slaſh their Neighbour's Coat.

Buk. Ne byth' Lord Harry ſhall it naw; if I mun rule; for it's be,

Cut their Neighbour's Throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart; boh let *Stuart*, *Finch*, and *Schofield*, thooſe Bellweathers, an *Pitch*, and *Hawes*; ther ſheepiſh Followers ley ther Sows together, an tey which they lik'n beſt.

Buk. Well well its cleverly Rim't to Tim heawe'er, let't be whether it will: whot an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo!

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this foiſty matter; lets tawk o' ſummot elze; on furſt tell me heaw tha' went on eh the laſt jaunt?

Buk. Gooa on! beleady, I cou'd ha gon on weantly, on bin o whoam ogen with Crape e meh Slop in a ſniſt; if id naw met at oytch nook, thooſe baſtertly Whelps ſent eawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an *Schofield*.

Tim. Pooh—I dunnaw meeon heaw ſok harbort'n't or cuttern't o'er thee; boh whot thooſe ſawſe Lunnoners ſed'n abeawt te Jump ot's new Over-bodyt?

Buk. Ho ha—neaw I height; yo meeon'n thooſe lung ſeetit fok ot glooar'n ſecont time at Buks; an whooa I'r feer'd woud rent me Jump to Chatters.*

Tim. Reet mon reet—that's hit—

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a Corſe wagging; for they took'n me ith' reetleet too a hure.

Tim Heaw's tat e Godſnum?

Buk. Why ot yoad'n donn'd me a thiſs'n like a Meawntebanks foo, for th' wonſt, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law! on did'n the awvſh ſhap, an the Pecklt jump pan, ſed'n the?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely eſeath!—for the glooar'nt ſooar at me; turn't me reawnt like a Tealier, when e meaſers fok; chuck't me under th' Chin; ga me a honey-buttercake, on ſed opp'nly, they ne'er ſaigh an awkert look, a queer ſhap, an a peckl't jump, gee better eh ther live †

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um ſey I—theeſe wur'n

* The Reviewers

† For underſtanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly Review*, Dec. 1750, p. 156.

th'boggarts ot flayd'n thee! but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gonnorheeods.

Buk. Gonnerheeods! now not now te marry: boh I carrit me ſell meety meeverly tooto, an did as o bide'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw towd um th' tele, an ſed th' Rimes, an aw, did to?

Buk. Th' Tele an th' Rimes! 'ſfleſh I believe e did, boh I know no moor on um neaw, than a ſeawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the; whot ſeys to! has to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon; an th' Rimes!

Buk Quite, quite; as he hope to chieve!

Tim. Neaw ee'n the Dule ſteawnd te ſey I! whot a fuſs mun I hav' to teytch um the ogen!

Buk Come come, dunnaw fly up in a frap; o body connow carry oytch mander o think e ther Nob.

Tim. Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw gawmbling tike, otto con tell th tele, and ſeyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

Buk. Fear me naw, ſed Doton; begin.

Tim. A Tealier e Crummil's time wur thrunk pooing Turnips in his Pingot, on fund en Urchon ith' Had-loont-reean; he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoavt his Whiſket oe'rt, runs Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God newer mede eawt; for it, had nother heead nor tele; Hont nor Hough; midſt nor eend! Loath t'believe this, hoave a Duzz'n on um wou'd geawt ſee if they cou'dn mey ſhift t' gawm it' boh is capt um aw; for they newer o won on um ee'r ſaigh th' like afore. Then they'dn a Keawnſil, anth' eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawſe, owd Felly; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think; for they look'nt on him as th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o Leet thin a Glow-

worm's A--ſe. When they'dn towd him th' keſe, he ſtroakt his Beeart; Sowght; an ardert' th' Wheel-barrow with Spon-new Trindle t'be fotcht. 'Twur dun, and the beawlt'nt him awey toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart att a good while; droyd his Beeart deawn, an wawtit it o'er with his Crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side ſed he, for it ſturs, an be that it ſhou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles, ſteart at't agen, on Sowghing ſed; Breether, its ſummot: Boh Feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd Kerſun it--Wheel me Whoam ogen.

Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theeſe Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch Body cou'd naw; for I find neaw ot yo com pare'n me too an Urchon, ot has noather Heed nor Tele; 'Sfleſh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to Bobberſome?

Tim. Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd underſtond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

Buk. Th' Rhimes--hum--le me ſee--Sblid, I foryeat'n thooſe too, I deawt!

Tim. Whoo who who whoo! whot a dozening Jobberknow at teaw!

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con; con the! Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh Hoyd titely, ſey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

Some write to ſhow their Wit and Parts;
Some ſhow you *Whig*, ſome *Tory* Hearts;
Some flatter *Knaves*, ſome *Fops*, ſome *Fools*,
And ſome are *M----ſt----l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody ſeys ſo--an Gonnorheeods they are for ther Labbor.

Tim. Some few in Virtue's Cauſe do write,
But theſe, alas! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'--Wheel rim't heawe'er--gooa on.

Tim. Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head,
Which die before their *Author's* dead.

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandſhire'll* think at yoar glenting at tooſe Fratching, Byzen, Craddinly Taykes, as writ'n ſich Papers oſtth' *Teſt!* and ſich Cawf-teles as *Corniſh Peter*, ot fund a New Ward, Snying weh Glums and Gawries.

Tim. Some write ſuch Senſe in *Proſe* and *Rhime*,
Their works will *wreſtle hard*, with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wroſtling efeath,--for I've heard um ſey. Time conquers aw Things.

Tim. Some few print *Truth*, but many *Lies*,
On *Spirits*—down to *Butterflies*.

Buk. Reet abeawt Boggarts–non th' tother Ward --on Mon ith' Moon, an ſitch like Geer:——Get Eendwey; its prime Rime efeath.

Tim. Some write to *pleaſe*, ſome do't for *Spite*,
But want of *Money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' Miſs th'owd ſtory ogen, boh I think e meh Guts at it's true--ittle doo--yo need'n Rime no more, for it is better in lickly--Whewt on Tummus on Meary.

Lancaſhire Dialect.

ENTER TUMMUS AND MEARY.

Tummus Odds me Meary! whoo the Dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o thee here ſo ſoyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely

Meary Beleemy Tummus, I welly loſt my wynt; for I've had ſitch o'trounce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to ſtur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I ſkeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hood' lent it Keſter o'Dick's, an the Dule ſteawnd 'im for a Brindl't Cur, he'd mede it int' Shoon! Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw ſitch o Moonſhine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor miſchoances they han.

M. Not awlus o Goddil.--But whot meys o't'ſowgh on ſeem ſo dane-keſt? For I con tell o' t'm ſene ſee o'wick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell he whot, its moor in bargin o't im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deeod oso Dur Nele be this awer; for th' laſt oandurth boh one me Meaſter had lik't o killt meh; on juſt neaw, os ſhure os thee and me ar ſtonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin the matter, hanney fawn awt withur Meaſter?

T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort uck:, I'll uphowd tey!--For whot duſt think'?

bo'th' tother Day boh Yuſterday, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becoſe it wur th' Circumciſion onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do ſome Odds-on eends; on I munt oather breeod Mowdywarp holes or gut' Ratchdaw we o Keaw on o Why-kawve--Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither; on had o mind on o Jawnt: ſo I donn'd meh Sundey Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve; and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch *N.p* went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawn heaw that coud mey ill Luck 'Tummus,

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us deawn oth Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw: So I geet up be ſtrike o Dey, on ſeet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth 'Teawn; when os the Dule woud height, o *Tit* wur ſtonning ot an Eleheawſe Dur; on me Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) took th' Tit for it Mother, on wou'd need ſeawk her: On I beleve th' fooliſh Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cow't, hoo whinnit ſo when hoo ſaigh it; boh wen hoo feld it ſeawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deeod os o Nit!

M. E Lord—whot o Trick wur that!

T. Trick! Odds fleſh, ſitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englondſhiar.

M. Why hark ye 'Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? Yoad'n be quite brok'n!

T. Doo! what cou'd eh do? 'fleſh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er teed on a Thwittle; for me Meaſter moot ha had

ſeignteen Shillings on ſuſepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' Lone?

T Ne Meary; I'r naw ſitch o Gawby os tat coom too noather: For as luck wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Eleheawſe, on he coom eawt when he heard meh Kawve bawh. Boh eſtid o being ſooary, when he ſaigh it ſprawling oth Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron ſeet up o Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for ſhawm tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap; for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, towd me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be: but I'd naw geet im: For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd berrit meh ſeln; I'r thrunk ſhoaving it in when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle, ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War; ſo I'd flee it; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leat on bo'th' Butcher's, on the ſpoytfoo Tike, wou'd naw leeond it me: Neaw Meary, what cou'd onny Mon doo?

M. Doo! I'ſt o gon ſtark Woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my keſe: So I bargint with th' Raſcot; he'ur to tyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcuſs, on geh meh throteen Pence: So I geet th' Braſs, on went endway with Keaw.

M Neaw meh Mind miigives meh ot yoar'n gooing a ſleeveleſs Arnt; on at feily wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawſes within two tumbles of a Leawſe; for it wur lung, on lunger, ofore eh wou'd: Boh when I towd him heawt wur knock oth Sow, with a Tit Coak'n os he coom, on that he moot order weh meh Meaſter obeawt it, he took her ot lunglength: Then I went on bowt

two Peawnd o Sawt, on Eawnce of black Pepper for eawr Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fear foo heyvy Heart I'll uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true—boh whottle to ſey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit Kawve; boh ſowd it et *Owdum* that Oandurth, for two pence haw penny o Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur fere cheeoting: but it's meet like their raſcotly Tricks; ſo there's not an honeſt Booan ith Hoyde o newer a greaſy Tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind; for it wur reet Rank: Boh I think eh meh Guts ot Raſcots ith' Ward, ar os thick, as Waſps in o Hummobeeneeſt.

M. Its not tell, buh I'ſt marvil ſtraungely an yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh little oth matter.——Boh theawſt hear——i'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a Mile or ſo, ofore eh ſaigh o Parcel o Lads on Hobbletyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-Wife: When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm what tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Shilders, onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on *Hal o'Nab's* ith' *Midge lone* had his Knockus lapt in his Barmſkin: Awth' reſt on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibhoes, like ſwinging Sticks or Raddlings.

M. I th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw meh be ſure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wus weh um: Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet laſt Shearing-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geete thear Churn; this ſeme Scapgallows wur tean eh thear Pleawmtre; on wur en ſtch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he fell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his Leg.

M. O wrang joyrt hong im: I know him weel enough, for th' laſt great Snow he'ur for honging o Hare e ſome hure Gillers; on throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra ſeme—So I aſht him what tearn far? Why ſed he, ween meet neaw ſeen on Ewl fly thro' yon Leawp hoyl into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur: Come Tum (ſed he) Egad, ifdle geaw with us, theawſt ſee ſitch gam os tha newer ſaigh eh the live: Beſide theawſt howd the Riddle; —ſed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw meh heart intle teytch meh; I con ſhow the in a crack ſed he: So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters ith Leath Woughs full o Awts; then we reeart th' Steeigh ſawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl hoyle. Neaw Lads—(ſed Hal) mind yer hits: I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmſkin ot hoo cannaw ſcrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle: *Tum o'William's* mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth' Leawp hoyle, on howd the Riddle cloyſe on't. Awth' reſt mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't—So owey they ſeete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I—

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw reiher ha ſeent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt ſo heaſly; ſo I clum th' Steeigh in o ſnift, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on ſmackt me Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no ſoyner done ſooa, but I heard one on um ſey; ſee o, ſee o, hoos teear!—Shu ſed one; Shu, ſed a-nother.—Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey go mad. I thowt it wer rear'ſt ſpoort ot ewer mortal Mon ſaigh: So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; ſtill they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath; on then I thowt I felt ſummot nudge th' Steeigh—I lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo bizzy ſcratting hur A—ſe o one o'th' ſtrines.—'Sfleſh, thinks It' meh ſeln hool ha me deawn eend neaw?—Juſt then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on preſently ſummot come with a greyt fluſk thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Nea Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean--boh I con heardly tell the I'm--so waughish--for I'm readyt cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,---not teear--it wus nowt oth' Warld o God boh arran owd Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge coom eh me fease weh sitch o ber, ot o sum-heaw it made meh meazy, on I feel off th' Steeigh: Boh moor be chounce thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo wey sitch o Soltch; ot I think eh meh guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

M. Elord! whot o wofoo saw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, saw eigh; for I thowt id brok'n th' Crupper booan o meh A--se, boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no hurt boh th' tone ! heawm stunnisht, on th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powse-ments! I'st o bin stark-giddy at um, on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't rawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bullocking basturts; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they for they'rn aw cropp'n intoth' Leath; on th' Durs os sefe os *Leest'n* Castle. Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n me: Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar i'st o set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' Soo kept sitch o strikeing Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no longer for fear o sumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur deeoth: so I scamspoot owey

s hard os eh cou'd Pinn: On ran o Mileeh that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent benund meh: Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-headge, on os o Rindle o We-ur wur wheem, I waſht aw me clooas, till it coom o meh hure: On aw little enough too; for I tnink eh meh guts I'ſt ſtink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum*.

M. Neaw een be meh troath! I thowt ye favort'n Fearfoo ſtrung on o Yarb: Boh when aw's done *Tummus*, this Killing o'th Kawve, on Eawl-catch-ing, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary*; farI oather angurt ſome He witch, or the Dule threw his Club ver' meh that Morning when eh geete up: Far Misfartins coom on me os thick os Feet.

M. Uddzl-d, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip: On I wud ur Neck had bid brock n eh neen pots, when hoo r Whelpt fur mee (God fargi' meh; th' eawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw readiy waſht, on fetti't meh! on lipp'n into th' one ogen, boh I met a fattiſh dowing Felly in o lackiſh Wigg; on he ſtoode on glooart ot Nip: o he onnett Mon wilt tell the Dog? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on ſo's ne'er o Dog ith Teawm: ur be meh troath Meary I r os croſs os o f—t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobberſome, on awnſurt him awviſhly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch ſed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys ſin I'd ogen the Twen-y Shilling far hur, for I ſee hoos o reet ſtawnch *Bandyhewit*; on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans eawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. —Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' eeot (God forgi' meh) on ſell im meh *Sheep-Cur* o *Bandyhewit*; tho, I no moor knew, in th on ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw I, hooſe primely bred; for hur Moother coom *Lunnun*, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Maſter's; on

tho' hoos os good os onny eh *Englandſhiar*, I'll ſell her if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus*! Whot ſed eh then?

T. Wau, ko he, whot duſt ax for hur? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve o Gowd, ſed I; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur: Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawm, boh iſtle gooa to Juſtice--Juſtice hum--le me ſee.--But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on o Raſcot, as weel oſt reſt) he'll be fene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to; wur it naw?

T. Yigh' meeterly.--Then I aſht im whot Wey he munt gooa? On he towd meh: On o wey I ſeete, weh meh Heart as leet os o bit on o Flaight; on carrit Nip under meh Arm; for neaw theaw mun underſtond I'r ſeear o loyſing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough, t' pay meh Maſter for th' Kawve, an ha ſummot t' ſpere.

M. Odds fiſh! boh that wur breve, yearn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus*.

T. Whau, boh theawſt hear: it wur o dree Wey-too-to; heawe'er I geete there by three o'clock; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur, I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy me Neſe weh, t' let him ſee heaw I ſtoart hur.--Then I opp'nt Dur; on who te Dule duſt think, bon three little tyney *Bandyheu its*: os I thowt then coom Weawghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, on ofter that ſwollut meh whick. Then there coom o fine freſhcullert Wummon ot keckt as ſtiff as if hood ſwallut a Poker, on I took hur for o hoo Juſtice, hoor ſo meety fine:--For I heard *Ratchot o Jack's, o'Tem's* tell meh Meaſter, that th' hoo Juſtices awlus did mooaſt o'th' Wark.--Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Juſtice wur o Whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'u hur Meawth t' ſey eigh, or now; boh ſimpurt on ſed iſs, (the Dickons iſs'ur on him too) ſed I, I wudidd'n tell him I'd fene ſpeyk too 'im.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bowd; i'ſt o bin timmerſome :—But let's know heaw ye went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey Nip, on Cheeot os ill os one other Clarks on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnaw frump, nor teeos um, for they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n yeon?—Wurth' Juſtice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom ſnap, on axt meh whot he wantut? Whau, ſed I, i've o varra fine *Band hewit* t' ſell, on I hear yo want'n one Sur :—Humph—ſed he—a *Bandyhewit*—prethee let's look at.—Yigh ſaid I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on hur, ſtroakt hur deawn th' Back, on ſed; hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummas!* yo cud'n naw mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed ſed th' Juſtice; on its o theawſon Pities boh I'd known on hur Yuſterdey: For o Felly coom, on I bowt one naw ſo good os this by hoave o Ginny; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' an eh cou'd leet on a Chapmon, ſed I. Hoos troytchly worth it, ſed he, on I think, I con tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur, if he be not ſittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert Juſtice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary; theaw tawks like o ſeely Ninny-hommer: For tey meh wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o Mon deeols weh raſcotly fok: Boh as i'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt two Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him os I done) ſo I mun gooa back ogen thro' *Rachdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh Arm ogen, mede o ſcroap weh meh hough, on bid th' Juſtice good neet, weh o heavy heart theaw meh be ſhure: On boh os eh, thowt he cou'd aſhelt ſell

hur e this tother Pleck, it wou'd ſartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord bleſs us! it wur lik't trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawſt hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sappling Brig o'er it. As it had reint th' Neet afore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful; tho' it wur feggur o deeol i'th Mourning; on o ſomeheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough ſlipt, on deawn coom I, Arſyverſy, weh Nip eh me Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur ſell'n, on flaſkert int' eh geete how'd on o Sawgh, on ſo charr'd meh ſell'n; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer ſee *Tum* ogen: For be meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus Deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't to ſhad awth' tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for it wur a greyt Mercy ye wur'n naw Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw, noather: Boh theaw meh be ſhure I'r primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh cou'd ſye; Beſide i'd no Com to keem meh Hure, ſo ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt Meaſe in o Mon.

M. Beſide, yoad'n be as cowd os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawſe i'r non Mough'n: Boh theawſt hear. I'd naw gone oboon o Stone's thrut; efor' eh wundart whot teh Pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' ſmart os if five hundurt Piſſmotes wur eh meh Breechus: I loaſt um deawn' boh cou'd ſee nowt ot wur whick: on yet I lookt as rey os o fled Meawſe; (for were ſeln beawt th' ſcrat at my Meaſter's) 'Sfleſh, i'r ready t' gooa woode on knew neaw whot eh ealt: —On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. Ew-a's me! i'd freeat'n that too! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite marr'd: Its true, I went Wigglety-Wagglety, for an Eawe

or ſo, ofore i'r ogreath ogen: On when he geet reet, on coom t' groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh ſawt, the Dule o bit a ſawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey--On new it jumpt into meh Mind ot I ſaigh two rott'n Pynot (Hongum) ot tis ſeme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o ſign o bad Eartin: Far I heard my Gronny ſey, hoode os leef o ſeen two owd Harries os two Pynots.

T. Eigh, ſo ſeys meh Noant *Margit*, on o meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth. Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with ſmart, on one think on onother, i're ſo ſtract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart ta puncht th' Bitch's Guts eawt: On then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt: For be meh troth I'r welly off at ſide.

M. Indeed *Tummus* I believe o; boh lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet Clooas; wur'ney naw whelly pariſht?

T. Yigh be me troth; I dithert ot meh Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five or ſuſe Mile fro Whoam: So that I maundert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur: for I moot os weel o bin in o Noon: On in id howd'n up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha ſeen't in he con ſee o Fleigh o thee neaw; on here it wur I geet into a Gete: For I thowt, I heard ſummot coming, an if Truth mun be ſpok'n, I'r ſo feerfully breed, at meh Hure ſtood on eend, for theaw knows I noa-ther knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummus*, no marvil ot o wur ſo flay'd; it wur ſo fearfoo dark!

T. Heawe'er, I reſolv't meyth' beſt on't an up ſpeak I—Whooas tat: A Lad's Voice anſwert in a crying Din, elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh; now, ſed I I'll naw tey the, Beleedy: Whooas Lad art to?—Whau, ſed he, i'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's, o'Dick's o'Nethons, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms, an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks i't meh ſell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me: An here *Meary* I cou'd naw boh think whot lung Nemes ſum on us han; for thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this Lad's wur ſo mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dock't mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theeſe lung Nemes leet'n?

T. Um—m—mn, le meh ſee—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt ſo awkertly) i'd aſh him for th' wonſt whot Uucoth's he heard ſturrink. I here none, but ot Jack o'Neds towd meh, ot Sam's o'Jack's o Yed's Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus abeawt o beggink Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on. Then I aſht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? ſeys he, he's Prentice weh Iſaac o'Tim's o'Nick o'th Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hooave a peawnd o Treacle t' ſeaws'n a Beeſt-puddink weh on his Feather and Moother wooan at *Roſſendow*, boh his Gronney's alive an wooans weh his Noant Margery a Grinfilt, at Pleck where his nown Mother coom fro. Good Lad, ſed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough* off; for I aimt' ſee it to Neet if he con hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on yo mun keep ſtreight forrud o yer Lift Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a this'n we partit; but I mawkint, an loſt me Oete ogen ſnap. So I powlert o'er Getes on Steel, Hedges on Doytches, til eh coom

ro this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill breed ogen, for I thowt i'd ſeen a Boggard; boh it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo, reſting im on a Stoop ith' Lone. As ſoon os eh cou'd ſpeyk for wnackering, I aſht him where ther wur on Eleheawſe? On he ſhoad meh: I went in on fund tn two fat troddy Fok wun'nt teer: On thed'n ſome oth' warſt fratchingſt Cumpany, or e'er e faigh, for they'n warrying, banning, on cawing on onother leawſy Bawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood o Cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith' Nook, o ſide oth' Hob: i'd no ſoyner done ſo, boh a feaw ſeawr lookt Felley, with o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont, ſlapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt feas't Mon, ſitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw varra reetcht ogen with; on deawn he coom oth' Harſtone, on his Heeod ith' Eſshole: His ſcrunt Wig feel off, on o hontle o whot corks feel into't, on bront, on frizzlt it ſo, ot when he oſt don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it ſlipt o'er it his Sow, on lee like o hawmbark on his ſhilders. I glendurt like a ſtikt Tup, for fear on o duſt meh ſeln: On crope fur into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot Mezzil feaſe wou'd mey a Flittink on't, on dee in a crack; ſo ſum on um cryd'n eawt a Doctor a Doctor, while others mead'n th' Landlot go Saddle th' Tit to fotch one. While this wur e dooink, ſome on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor ot wooant a bit off, an ſhew'd 'im th Mon oth' Harſtone. He leyd how'd on his Arm to feel his Pulſe I geawſe, an pood, os if he'd fin death pooink at th' tother Arm; an wur reſolv't o'er poo him: After looking dawkinly-wiſe a bit, he geete fro his Whirly-booans, and ſed to um aw, while his Heart beeots an his Blood ſarclates there's Hopes, boh when that ſtops its whooup with him efeath. Mezzil feaſe hearink ſummon o' whooup, ſtartit to his Feet, ſlote none, boh gran like a Foomurt-Dog; on ſeete ot black ſwarfty Tyke,

weh booath Neaves, on wawtit him o'er into the Gal keer, full o new Drinh wortching: He begun o poſſing, on peyling him int' ſo, ot aw wur blendit t'gether ſnap. 'Sfleſh Meary! theaw'd o bepiſs'd teh, teh, 'ta' ſeen heaw'th Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; and whot o Hobthruſt eh lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im: He kept droying his Een. Boh he moot as weel ha ſowt um in his A—e, tin th' Lonledy had mede an Eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot Pump: When he coom in ogen, he glooart awviſhly ot Mezzil feaſe; on Mezzil feaſe glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt: So they ſeete um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey ſar th lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, ſed hoo; beſide, there's two Tumblers, three Qaiſting Pots, on four Pipes maſht, on o how Papper of Bacca ſhed: This mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black Tyke's Paſſion wur coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbo had quiet'nt tother; ſo ot teh camm'd littte or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then ſeet'num deawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawnling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Meary; for Berm's o howſome Smell: Heawe'er, when aw wur ſattl't, I crope nar th' Foyar ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully for I'r booath cowd on weet, os well as hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yo mootn weell; boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough; but theowſt heor moor o that een na. So I cawd for ſummot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele; on hoo browt me ſome Hog-mutt'n on ſpecial Turmits; on os prime Veeol on Peſtil os ned be toucht; I creemt Nip neaw on then o Lunſhun, boh Tum took care

oth' rother, ſteawp on reawp; for I eet like o *Yorſhar Mon*, en cleeurt th' Stoo.

M. Well done Tummus! yoad'n ſure nee no Ree ſupper; for yo ſhadd'n Wrynot, on ſlanſt th' charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I ſeete on reſtut meh, on drank me Pint a Ele; boh as I'r naw greadly ſleckt, I cawd for another, on bezzilt tat too; for I'r os droy as ſoot: On as't wur t' lete t' gooa anny whither weh meh Bitch, I aſked th' Londledey in eh cou'd ſtay aw Neet: Hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the ko hoo? Whot ar to feeard o Boggarts, or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw ſleep beawt o Pap? 'Sfleſh, ſed I, what ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho, ho; if that be aw ſed hoo Margit s't ſhew the: So Margit leet o Condle, on ſhewd meh o wiſley Reawm, on o Bed weh Curtnurs forſuth: I thowt Margit pottert on fettlt lung i'th Choamber ofore ho laft it; on I miſtruſt it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o tuſsling on teawing; boh o ſomeheaw I'r ſo toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for Catterweawing: So I ſed nowt too 'ur: Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggletele I'll uphowdteh, boh os ſnug o Loſs os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots ſo honſome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heuwe'er, when hoor gone, I doft meh donk Shoon on Hoyſe, on me doage Clooas, on geet in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lae eh ſitch Bed ſin eh wur Kerſunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep ſeawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw ſey ot he did: for I'r meetily troublt abeawt me Kawve. Beſide, I'r feeard o eawer Fok ſeeching meh, on meh Meaſter beaſting meh when he geet Whooam: Its true meh Carkuſs wur pratty yeaſy, boh meh Mind moot os weel o line on o Piſſmote hoyle, or in o Rook o Hollins

or Gorſes; for it wur one o'clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith' Mourning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thowaniſh Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh ſhot ſtons ofore I'll wear moor o meh braſs o meh brekfuſt: So I cawd, on th' londledy coom, on keſtit up to Throtteen-pence: So; thowt It' meh ſeln, o weawnded Deeol! Whot ſtruſhon hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund me ſeln o how Wick weh hus for that Money. Iſt naw hav one Boadle t' ſphere o meh ohyde Silver: On neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetſhad! Wur eh naw!

M. Now marry naw yo: In idd'n mede ſtruſhion, on Bezzilt owey moor Braſs inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure, into will Meary; for byth' Miſs, when ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slopt t' pey 'ur, I'r weawndly glopp'nt, for the Dule o hawpunny had eh! On whether eh loſt it ith' Bruck, or weh ſcrawming o'er th' Doytch-backs; I no moor know in th' Mon ith' Moon: But gon it wur! I ſteart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawmleſs: On at laſt I towd hur I'd loſt meh Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon Mon: Yoaſt naw put *Yorſhar* o me; that Tele winnaw ſit meh; for yoar like 't pey o ſumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo mey grope eh meh Breeehes in eh win. Theaw'rt ſome miſmanert Jackonapes I'll uphowd tey ſed hoo; Ney, ney, I'ſt naw grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, ſed I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt: Thoos'n naw doo, ſed hoo, they're booath worth oboon two Groats.—I nowt elze, ſed I, beawt yean ha meh Sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet; becoſe Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me the laſt Kerſmuſs.—Let's ſee um, ſed hoo, for theow'rt ſome arron Raſcot I'll uphowd teh, So I gen um hur; on ſtill

this broodling Fuſſock lookt ſeaw os Tunor when id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th' warſt Luck ot ewer Kerſun Soul had!

T. Theaw'll ſey ſo eend neaw: Well, I'r toyart o that pleck; on crope owey, witheawt bit or ſope, or Cup o ſneeze; for I gawmbl't on leet cat gooa too. I ſoyn ſperr'd this Gentlemon s Hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' Shipp'n, on ſeed o Mon ſtonning ith' Groop. Sed I, is yer Meaſter o Whoam prey o'? Eigh, ſed he; I wou'd idd'n tell him t'd fene ſpeyk at him, ſed I; Yigh, ſed he, that I'll doo. So he r no ſoyner gooan, boh a fine, fattiſh, throbby Gentlemon, coom in a trice, on ax't meh whot he wantut? Sed I, I underſtond yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've a pure on t' ſell here. Let's ſee th' ſhap on hur, ſed he: So I ſtroakt hur deawn th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd. Hoos th' fin'ſt ot ew'ry faigh ſed he; boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the; for I geete two this laſt week, on they meyd'n up meh Keawnt. New Meary, i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knock't mey o'er with a pey. Boh whot's teh price ſed he? I connaw thwooal hur t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny ſed I. Hoos cheop o that ſed he; on no deawt boh theow mey ſell hur.

M. Odds like! Yoarn lung eh finding o Chapmon; oytchbody'r awlus fittut ſo.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh; far they need'n none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh Shoon, not tey: But theaw'ſt hear. Then ſed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Oentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawſe, omung yon trees, meet anent us; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price: If not Juſtice ſitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there laſt Oandurth, on he'd leet o oneth Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, ſed he:—Eigh, ſed I, ſo it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber obeawt it I'm ſhure. Well boh this owd Gen-

tlemon's lik'ly'ſt of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on ſeete eawt foe this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodſnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: For neaw it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy her becoſe o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n. I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id meh Sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, I'd rub her A—ſe weet; For I'd ſeen *Oamfrey o' Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparſt-Mare; that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* ooom't buy hur So meet ofore eh geet teer, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath: een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawſe in o crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ith' Fowd, oſſing t' geet o Tit-back. Sed I, too him, is yoarn Neme *Mr. Scar*? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, ſed I, at yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, od I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os ony's eh *Englandſhiar*. That's a greyt breeod, Sed he; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawſe owd Felly, too to

T. 'Cfleſh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'ſt Raſcot on um aw: Boh I leet im hondler, on he'r ſo ſeely, on his Honds whackert ſo deſpratly, ot eh cou'd naw ſtick too hur, on hoo leep deawn Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the Tele on ſhow the ſell: Boh eſtid ot that: hoo ſeet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horſe-ſtone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'ſt ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert-Waſp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode ſhawmt hur ſell ſo wofully; heaw'eer I ſed to th'owd Mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hooſe no Foogoad on o Bitch? Now, now, ſed he;

I feel hooſe os fat os o Snig, on os ſmoot os a Mowdewarp: On I find os plene os o Pike-ſtaff, be hur lennock Yeears, ot hooſe reet bread: On I'd a had'ur if hoode coſt meh o Moider, but ot o Friend has ſent meh one eawt o *Yorſhar*, on I need no moor: Boh i'll ſwop with the into the will. Now ſed I, i'll ſwop none; for I'll oather have a Ginny for hur, or hooſt newer gooa while meh Heeod ſtons o meh Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, ſed he; boh haſt 'bin ot yon fine Bigging anent us! Eigh ſed I, boh he's enoo on um. Well but they're os ſcant neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, ſed he; on there's one *M ſtin*, eh *Rachdaw*, ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, ſed I, I'ſt go ſee.—On neaw Meary, I begun t' miſtruſt ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit, on teawſt hear; for I thought I'd try this tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: For then it would be os plene os *Blackſtonehedge* ot tearn meying oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went t' *Rachdaw*, on ſperr'd 'tis Mon eawt. I found im o back oth' Shopboort, weh o little Dog ot ſide on 'im: Thowt I t' meh ſeln I would 'eaw'a choak't this Felley'll be fittut too, I deawt. Well, ſed he onniſt Mon, whot done yo plecoſt' have? I want nowt ot he han, ſaid I for I i'm come'n t' ſell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this Raſcot os weell oſt' reſt, rooſt meh Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying a parfit Neatril on o!

T. O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'ſt ot ewur wur mede ſin Kene kilt Ebil; on neaw I'r ſo ſtrackt woode I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart t a jowd aw ther ſows together. I'r no ſoyner areawt, boh o threave o Rabblement wur watching on meh at t' Dur. One on um ſed, this

is im; onother, he's here; on one Baſturt'ly gullion aſht mey if i'd ſowd me *Bandyhewit*? By th' Miſs Meary, I'r ſo angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n Neaue, on hit im o good wherrit oth' Yeear, on then weh meh Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for ſhure: Then they aw ſeete ogen meh, on ofore id gon o Rood, ih' Lad's Moother come, on crope ſawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn come Nip on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top on meh: While th' tuffle laſtit, hur Lad, (on the baſturts ot took his Part) kept griming, on deeting meh weh Sink-durt, ot I thowt meh Een would newer ha done good ogen; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th' Heeod in o Middingſpuce, or ot teying o two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunnonze o Misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Ow-Nick* owt meh o Spite he pede me Whoam weh Uſe: For while the kirmidge laſtut, awth' Teawn wur cluttert obeawt us: I ſheamt os if id ſtown ſummut, on ſkampurt owey weh o Fleeigh eh meh Yeear, on up th' Broo into th' Church Yort: There i'd o mind t' ſee if onney body follut meh, I turn'd meh, on who te Dule duſt think, boh I'd loſt Nip.

M. Whot ſenneh!

T. It's true Meary; ſo I cawd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund hee nor low: On far aw I knew, meh Meaſter ſeete ſitch toar on hur, becoſe o fotchink th' Beaoſs on Sheep! I durſt os tite o tean o Bear by th' Tooth oſtta oſt ſeech hur ith Teawn. So I took eendwey, for it wur welly neet; on I'd had noather Bit nor Sope? nor Cup o Sneeze of a v that Dey.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os Grewnt; on welly famiſht,

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydart: Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha ſunk int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heavy os o Muſtert-boah, on I ſtan

Yo, it mede meh os waughiſh os owt, on I'd two or three Wetur-tawms: Beſide aw this, meh Bally warcht; on eh thit fettle I munt daddle Whoam, on feaſe meh Meaſter!

M. Eh dear! Whot o kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'ſt tell the moor o that eend neaw: B'o furſt theaw mun know, that os I'r gooink toart Whom os denawn-heartit on mallancholly os a Methodiſt, ot thinks he's in pig of Owd Harry, o mon o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leeoding onother; thinſts I t' meh ſell; this is ſome Yorſhar Horſe-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r woofoo weak on Waughiſh. This thought had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before ot Felly ſed; come honeſty; theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart; theawſt ride o bit, into will.—That whot eh want ſed I, in ye pleeas'n, for I'm welly done. So loothe Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer rid yeaſier ſin eh cou'd geet o hampſtridd'n o Tit-back.

M. A good deed *Tummus*, that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luok ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neuw theaw p—ſſes by the Bow egen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horſe a howdey t'gether eſtid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly aſht meh heaw far I'r gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on a hoave. That's reet, ſeys he; there's on Eleheawſe juſt there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come ſawfly after on I'll ſtey for thee there. So he ſeet off like hey go-mad; boh I kept o foot's peſe: for me Tit ſwat on ſemm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hawfe o mile boh I heard ſome fock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the Deel had had hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um ſweer by th' Maſs, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt

too, if owd Nick ſton not ith' Gap. With that o luſty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Baſſoon on ſlapping meh oth Shilders weet ſed, friend I'm o Cunſtable, an yore my Priſner.

The Deel tey yer friendſhip, on Conſtableſhip too ſed I; whot dunneh meeon mon? Whot mun I be priſner for? Yoan ſtown that Tit ſed he, on yoaſt good back wimmy before o Juſtice. I ſtown nont ont' ſed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh leeof; ſo whot biſneſs han oather yo or th' Juſtice weh meh! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdaſh ſed th' Cunſtable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on ſed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus; that wur monfully ſed, on done too; think I.

T. Boh huſht Meary, on theawſt hear fur: Cum cum, ſed th' Cunſtable, that whiffo whaffo ſtuff winnow doo for me; for gooa yo booath mun on ſhan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt ſome Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parſil o Cheeons. Weawns thinks I t' me ſell, whot are theeſe? In the bin Shackils, I'm in o rere ſcroap indeed; I'm wer off neaw in eer eh wur: I'ſt be hong'd, ar ſome devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw, or ony mon elze had bin ringing my Paſſing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n!

T. Heawe'er I muſtert up my curridge on ſed, hark o', yo Cunſtable, put up thooſe things ot rick'n ſo; on inneh mun gooa, I will gooa; on quietly too: for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o Mad-dog.

M. Whoo who, whoo-who whoo! Why Tummus! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot th

ſeme Horſe-Jockey, had ſtown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' ſeve his own Beak'n, on ſo put yor ſhar on ye thiſs'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure; for he ſlippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's ſartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunſtable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where I'd ſo letely loſt meh Kitch, on bin ſo very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot! Heaweer theeſe Cunſtable-fok wur meety meeverly on modeſt too to, on as mute os Mowdywarps for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on leſs pumping, on wur ot Juſtices in a crack.

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Hawter run ſtrawngely eh yer heeod; for ſummot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary, I thought ſo plaguey hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw: for ſe the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heeod; for thinks I't meh ſell I ſtown no Horſe, not I: on theaw knows ot Truth on Honeſty gooing hont eh hont howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ſon os ſtiff os o Gab-lock.

M. True Tummus, theyre prime props at o pinch, that's ſartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peſhunce Meary. Boh howd te tung on theawſt hear in o ſnift: for theaw mun know, ot tis ſome Cunſtable wur as preawd ot id tean poor Tum priſner, or if theaw'd tean o Hare on had hur eh the Appern meet neaw: but th' Gobbin ne'er conſidert o' honging wou'd naw be awd good ſpooart be ony body eh ther ſenſes, on wur enough for't edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Juſtices Dur, os if id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht e preaw'd ruff felly eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck we as

monney Bookt an Pappers os a Cart wou'd owd. To this mon (whooa I ſoon perceivt wur th' Clark) th' Cuſtable tow'd meh wofoo keſe; an eh truth Meary I'r os gawmleſs os o Gooſe on began o whackering os if id ſtown o how draight o Horſes. Then this felly went eawt o bit, on with im coom th' Juſtice; whooa I glendurt et ſooar, an thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa theaw knows awlus wears a breawniſh white wig, ot hongs on his Shilders like Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunſtable, ſed Juſtice, Whot han ye brought me neaw? Why, pleeos yer Worſhip, ween meet neaw tean o Horſe-ſteyler, whooa wur meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd. Od, thought I't meh ſeln neaw, or never Tum, ſpeyke for the fell; or theawrt throttlt ot tis very beawt, ſo I ſpeek up, an ſed; that's naw true, Mr. Juſtice: for I'r boh gooink ofoot's peſe. Umph ſed th' Juſtice there naw mitch difference, as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw the tung yung mon; an ſpeyk when ther't ſpokk'n too. Well theaw moe ith breawn Cooat, ſed th' Juſtice, whot has theaw to ſey ogen this ſelly here? Is this Tit thy Tit, ſeys to? It is Sur. Here Clark, bring's that Book on let's ſwear him. Here th' Juſtice ſed o nominy to 'im, on towd 'im he munt tey kere o whot he ſed, or he moot as helt be forſworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, on theaw ſeys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it? It is, pleeos yer Worſhip. On where had teaw him ſeys to? I bred im Sur. E whot Country? Cown-Edge Sur.—On when wur he ſtown ſeys to? Laſt dey boh yuſterday abeawt three o'Clock ith Oandurth: for eawr Yem ſaigh 'im obeawt two, on we miſt im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro Cown-edge theaw ſeys? Yus Sur. Then th' Juſtice turn'd im to me, on ſed Is aw this true ot tis man ſeys, hears to meh? It is ſed I; part on't; on part on't is naw: for I did naw ſteyl this Tit: nor iſt oboon two eawrs ſin firſt time ot eh brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw'rt beriding owey wi' im then, if theaw

did naw ſteyl im? Why, o good deed Sur, os I'r gooink toart whom to dey, o ſelly weh oh little reawnd hat, on eh ſcrunt Wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh ſhorter, o'er took meh; he wur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon ſeenk I'r toyart, becoſe I went wigglety wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r beleemy, on geet on: boh he rid off, Whip on Spur tho he cou'd heardly meh th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd ſtey on meh ot on Eleheawſe ith road. Naw Meaſter Juſtice I'd naw gon three quarters on o mile boh theeſe fok o'ertean meh; towd meh I'd ſtown th' Tit on neaw hau brought meh hither, os in I'r a Yorſhar Horſe-ſteyler. On this is aw true Maſter Juſtice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely ſpok'n efeath *Tummus!* yo meet ſhad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I; boh whot ſed th' Juſtice then?

T. Whau, he ſed; Hears to me ogen, theaw Yungſter; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yuſterday, eſpecially ith Oandurth, will to. Whau, ſed I, I ſeet eawt fro Whom ſoon ith' yoandurth, wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratchdaw; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up an deawn eh this neighbourhood, dooink meh beſt t' ſell meh Bitch ot fok cawd'd o *Bundyhewit* t' ſee if th cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up for me Meaſter: but waes me e'ery body wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r keft into th' dark, on forc'e t ſtey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yuſterday, ſed Juſtice? Wheau, ſed I, I maundurt up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' ſeme ſleeveleſs arnt, on wur forc't harbour aw th' laſt neet in a Barnw here Boggarts ſwarm'n (Lord bleſs us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytch body ſeys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a Horſe-Jockey, on ſo wur tean up be theeſe fok for

a Tit-ſteyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Priſner, ſed th' Juſtice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yuſterdey wi' the Dog, prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, for yoarn fittit too. Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'Clock, ſed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeave-by, ſed he. Here, yo, Maſter Cunſtable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot duſt think? boh while theeſe two wur eawt o bit, this Teaſtril: this tyke of o Clark caw'd me aſide an proffert bring meh clear off for hoave o Ginney. Seys I, mon, if I knew a Hawter munt mey meh Neck os long os o Gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw reaſe hoave a Ginney: for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' ſeve meh neck wi'. Boh ſeys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? Ill gi' no Notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, oſt ſteyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' reaſe it boh Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord o marcy! moor Rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw ſitch teaſtrils for ever on o dey lunger, ſey I.

T. Huſtt huſtt, *Meary*; for neaw th' Juſtice an te' Cunſtable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh ſeln if eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go forrud *Tummus*.

T. Why, th' Juſtice after rubbing his broo on droying his feaſe deawn, ſed; Here, yo Meſter Cunſtable, on yo, fellow ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith rang Box; an han gett'n th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this Yungſter here cou'd naw ſteyl this Tit th' laſt Oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'clock that dey I ſeed him here me ſell: on yo ſen this Tit wur ſtown ſro' Cown-edge obeawt that time.—Neaw he cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time yo know. So heors to meh yung mon, I mun quit thee as to this job; ſo go the wey whom; on be honeſt. I will, ſed I, on thonks, Meaſter

Juſtice: for yoan pood Truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lung length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt ſcroap weh meh Shoough on coom meh wey.

M. Breveley cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bleſs aw honeſt Juſtices, ſey I.

T. Eigh, eigh; on ſo ſey I too: for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t' a towd teh this tele. Boh yet *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot teers Meawſe-neezes omung ſone on um, os weel os omung other fok; or why ſhou'd tis ſeme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hoave o Ginney? Had naw this o ſtrung ſavor of fere cheeoting; ne deawnreet nipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Juſtices do naw know, when theſe Tykes plene a hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beſide, *Meary*, I heard that fawſe felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* ſey, ot he kneaw ſome on um ot went ſnips wi theeſe Catterpillars their Clarks: on if ſo, ſhou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' ſeme back, on ſcutcht with' ſeme Rod wi' ther Clarks, hears to me?

M. Now now, not tey marry: for if ſuch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger Raſcot ſhou'd ha' th bigger ſmacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Thmmus.* Boh greyt fok oft dun who te win wi' little eons reet or rank; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof ſitch to mend when the con hit on't; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Meaſter.

T. Eigh byth' Miſs *Meary* I'd freeot'n that.—Why then theaw mun know, eh ſitch o keſe os tat d no ſkuſe to meh, for I towd im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith' Lone; on ot I'd ſowd the Hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell m no moor; for he nipt up the Deaſhon, ot ſtoode th' Harſtone, on whirld it at meh: Boh eſtid o

hitting me, it hit th' Reeam-Mug ot ſtoode oth' Hob; on Keyvt awth Reeam into th' Foyar: Then th' Battril coom, on whether it lawmt th' Barn ot ot wur ith' Keather I know naw, for I laft it rooaring on belling; ſo rs I'r ſcamp'ring awey, eaw'r *Serah* aſht meh where e wou'd gooa? I towd'r ot Nicko oth Farmer's greyt Leath wur next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' Spots ith Ward, there wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepſintle a Ginneys.

T. I geawſe theaw meeons becoſe foks ſen Boggarts awlns hawntit it: Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I towd te ofore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha ſunk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an juſt as I'r gett'nt to th' Leath Dur, whooa ſhou'd a meet boh Yed o' Jeremy's their new mon.

M. That leet weell; for Yed's os greedly o Lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a keke.

T. True: So I towd im meh Keſe e ſhort, an ſooary he lookt too-to: I wiſh e durſt let te lye we me ſed he; but as I boh coom to wun here this dey ſennit, I dere naw venter. But I'll ſhew thee a prime Mough o Hey an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, ſed I, ſhew it me, fo i'm ſtark an ill done. So while he 'ur ſhewing i me with Scoance, he ſed; I ſummot tell the Tu but I'm looath. Theaw meeons o beawt boggart ſed I, but I'm lik 't venter. Theaws meet bit i ſed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh plec primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mu eawt very yarly, I mun Provon um o beawt on o'Clock, an I'll cawt ſee heaw tha goes on: 'Sbli ſed I, if theaw mun eawt ſo yarly, I'll fodder an Provon the Tits for th' an theaw mey ſleep int ley th' Proven ready. Then he ſhew'd me heawt Mough wur cut with a Hey knife, hoave we deawn like a great ſtep, on that I moot coom o

yeaſily o that ſide; ſo we bid tone tother good neet. I'r boh meet ſattlt when eh heard ſummot ith Leath. Good Lorjus Meary! meh Fleſh crept o meh Booans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh hark'ning. Preſently I heard ſomebody caw ſawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew th' voice, an ſed, whooas tat tee Seroh? Eigh ſed hoo, an I ſtown a lyte Weturpodditch, an ſome Thrutchings, and a Treacle-butter keke if eh con eyght um.—Fear me not, ſed I, for I'm as hongry as a Rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with um ſed hoo; an yo mey come on begin for they need'n no keeling.—Neaw I'r e ſuch a flunter egetting to th' Wark ot I'd freeat'n th' Spot ot Yed towd me on, ſo I fell deawn off th' heeſt Side oth' Mough, an ſitch o Floofe o Hey follut me, ot it driv meh ſhiar deawn on Seroh, with meyt inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd us booath.

M. Cots fleſh, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, ſot' wur; boh it leet weel atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro underth' Hey, ſome oth' Podditch I fund had dawbt' up toon o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n ſhed oth Weaſtbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke ſtickt to Seroh's brat. Heaweer, weh ſcreawming abeawt ith dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it ſnap, for beleemy Meary I'r ſo keen bitt'u I mede no bawks at o Heyſeed. So while I'r buſy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whom agen I'ſt be edawnger o being breant: That meh deme wou'd ha met'run for I ſhou'd be loſe ot Feerſuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnſil, ſo I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: hoo did ſo, an I thankt 'ur, bid farewell, an ſo we partit. I ſoon ſattlt meh ſell ith Mough under a flooſe o Hey, an ſlept ſo weel

ot when he wack'nt I'r feer'd ot id o'er ſleept me ſell on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e' Time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n Sleep at aw, for I'ſt ne'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm ſhure.

T. Whau, but I ſtartit up to go to th' Tits and ſlur'd deawn to th' lower part of the Mough; and by the Maſkins Lord whot duſt to think, boh I leet hump ſtridd'n up o' ſummot ot feld meety Hewry, an it ſtartit up weh me on its Back, deawn th' lower part oth' Heymugh it jumpt; Croſs t'leath; eawt oth dur wimmy it took; an into th' Watering-poo as if the Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it threw me in, or I feeh off, I connaw tell whether for th' life on meh.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo! whot ith' Name o God winneh ſey!

T. Sey,—why I ſey true as t'Goſpil; an I'r ſo freet'nt I wur warr ſet to get eawt (if poſſible) in e wur when Nip an me feel off th Bridge.

M. I never heard ſitch teles ſin meh neme wur Mall, uor no mon elze, think I.

T. Teles!—Udds bud, tak um awt gether an theyd'n welly a mont ſton oth' wrang eend.

M. Well but wur it owd Nick, think'n eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't, wilt howd te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be ſhure.

M. Why Tummus pre' o' what wur it!

T. Bleſs meh Meary! theawrt ſo yearnſtful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know me ſell whot it wur of an eawr.—If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geete eawt of the Poo; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to liſt, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a ſleawn or wak'n, till eh grooapt at meh neen: An us I'r reſolved to come noo moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough

and ſtoode like a Gawmbling, or a perfect Neatril till welly Dey: an juſt then Ned coom.

M. That wur paſſing weel conſidering th' keſe or yoar'n in.

T. True, Laſs; fer I think I'r never feaner t' ſee no body ſin ir' kerſunt.

M Whot ſed Yed?

T. Why he heeve up his honds, an he bleſt, and he prey'e, an mede ſitch Marlocks that if I'd no bin eh that wofe pickle I'ſt a broſs'n weh Leawghing. Then he aſht meh heaw I coom t' be ſo weet? And why e ſtoode teer? An ſitch like. I towd him I could gi no okeawnt o meh ſell; boh that I'r carrit eawt oth' Leath be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a notion whot it wou'd prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre' the howd te Tung a bit,—theaw puts me awt. I towd im I thowt it wur owd Nick; for it wur vaſt ſtrung; very hewry; and meety ſwift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore where ye ar Tummus!

T. Eigh Meary ſo't is; for its moor in I expectit. Boh theawſt hear. Yed wur ſo flay'd weh that bit at I'd towd him ot eh geete meh by th' Hon ant ſed, come Tummus, let's flit fro this pleck; for my part I'll naw ſtey one Minnit lenger. Sed I, ſtle ſotch me Sark eawt oth' Leath I'll geaw with he. Ney ſed he, that Ill never do while my Nemes Yed. Whau, ſed I, then I'm lik't goa eawt it. Dunnaw trouble the nob abeawt tat: two o whoam, on I'll gi' the th' tone, come let's et off ſed he. So were n marching awey; but beore wed'n gon five Rood, I ſeed ſummut an ſeete a greyt Reeok (for I thowt I'd ſeen owd Nick gen, Lord bleſs us): Seys Yed, whot are to breed e neaw Tummus? I pointit th' Finger, an ſed, naw tat te Dule? Which, ſed he: That, under ' Hedge, ſed I. Now, now, naw hit; that's

eawer young Cowt ot lies reawt, ſed Yed. The Dickons it is ſed I! Boh I think e meh Guts ot that carrit me eawt oth Leath. Then Yed ax meh, if th' Dur wur opp'n? I towd im I thowt it wur. But I'm ſhure I toynt it ſed Yed. That moot be ſed I, for after theaw laft me eawr Seroh browt me meh Supper; an hoo moot leave it opp'n. By th' Miſs ſed Yed, if ſo Tum, this very Cowt'll prove th' Boggart! lets into th' Leath, an ſee, for it's naw ſo dark as't wur. With aw meh Heart ſed I; boh lets ſtick to th' tone tother Hond then. A this'n we went into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary I know naw whot' think! There wur a Yepſintle a Cowt-tooarts upoth' lowe part oth' Hey-mough, and th' Pleck where it ha lyen as plene as a Pike Staff. But ſtill, ift wur h ot carrit meh, I marvil heaw I cou'd ſtick on ſo lung it wur eh ſitch a hnrry to get awey!

M. Whot te Firrups! it ſignifies nowt, fo whether ye ſtickt on, or feel off, I find that eaw owd, Nick wur th' Cowt at lies reawt.

T. Whau, I connaw ſey a deeol abeawt it, looks likly, as teaw ſeys: But if this wur not Boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd bin reetly ſifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,—but ha ye, did neh leet o yer Surk.

T. Eigh, eigh; I height o meh Pocket ſe th for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Ye on neaw theaw ſees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo?

T. I think t' be an Oſtler; for I con mex keem, on fettle Tits, os weel os onny one on aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawſtring.

M. Ney, I coo believe 'o——E law, whot cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' ſtey on lunger. God be with o; for I mun owey.

T. Howd:——Ney Meary: le meh ha Smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none ſitch feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.—Neaw,—So Tummus; go teaw, on flaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin ſo kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw ſpytfoo theaw art? Whot in o Body doo like Seroh; there's no Body boh the lik'n ſomebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then ſometimes ſome-body likes ſomebody elze.

T. I geawſe whot to meeons: For, theawr't gleating ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-ſlotch Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becoſe ot Fok ſen Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what te Dule hoo con ſee in im: I'm mad at hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t' Luff hooſe ot Luff'n other Fok. Boh yoar o Niny-ommer t' heed 'ur; for there's none ſitch ſarrantly awk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they ſay?

M. I mennaw tell:—Beſide yoan happly tey't on ſo weel in o Body ſhou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee, chez whot o ſeys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

M. Why then, they ſen, ot hoos o Mawkinly, Pagg'd—a—ſt, Wiſk--tel't, Whean; on—on—

T. On whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey ſen ot hur Moother took Bill o owd Katy's on hur eh Bed gether, laſt Sunday Morning.

T. E—the Dev-- (good Lord bleſs us) is tat ue.

M True! Heaw ſhou'd t' be otherways for hur Moother wur crying, on ſoughing to me Deme laſt Sunday yeandurth obeawt it.

T. 'Sfleſh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn into th' eoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M Why luck it neaw; I'm een ſooary fort: God lp it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod hile it Heart braſts o bit?

T. E Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it urches meh Plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw y ſitch o Hobbil on meh?

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I con heardly howd meh unlaight, t' ſee heaw faſt yore en Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o Parcil o thumping lies o purpoſe t' pump 'o.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary——Whot an awkert Whean ar teaw! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thiſs'n far! theawrt o wheant Laſs--I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter, or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. It's o gryet marcy yo connow doot neaw for cruttling deawn. Boh I mun owey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking. Well think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit whiſky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um ſey ot gexing's o kint' lying, on ot proof oth Pudding's ith Eyghting.--So Fere weel Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the well heartily; on gi' meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then?

T. Byth' Miſs well eh Meary, froth bothum o me Crop.

20 MA 59

FINIS.

A

GLOSSARY

OF

LANCASHIRE WORDS and PHRASES:

CONTAINING

About 800 Words more than were in any of the five former Impreſſions; in which many of the uſeleſs corruptions are omitted, and wherein the Reader may obſerve,

That Words mark'd { A. S. / Bel. / Br. / Da. / Du. / Fr. / Sw. / Teu. } come from the { Anglo-Saxon / Belgic. / Britiſh. / Daniſh. / Dutch. / French. / Swediſh. / Teutonic. }

A

ACTILLY, actually
Ackerſprit, a potatoe with roots at both ends
Addle, to get; alſo unfruitful. A. S.
Atterings, the laſt of a cow's milk
Agate, on the way
Agog, ſet on, begun
Aighs, an ax. A. S
An, if, and
Ancliff, ancle. A. S.
Anent, oppoſite A. S.
Appern, apron

A

Appo, an apple
Ar, are
Are, } an hour, alſo our.
Lawer, }
Areawt, out of doors
Ark, a large cheſt. A. S.
Arnt, errand
An Arr, a mark or ſcar
Arren, atrant, downright
Arſewood, backward, unwilling. A. S.
Arſey-verſey, heels over head A. S.
Aſhelt, likely, probable.

Aſh, Ax, Axen, Aſh'n, } aſk. A. S.
Aſhler, large free ſtone, or moor ſtone
Aſht, Axt, } aſked
Aſhes, Axes, } aſks
Aſker, a Nute
Aſtite, as ſoon. A. S.
Awf, an elf, an earthly demon. Bel.
At't, at it.
Awkwert, untoward; alſo comical. A. S.
Awlung, all owing to, becauſe, &c.
Awlus, always
Awmeety, Almighty
Awnſert, anſwered
Aw o'like, q. all I love, an Interjection
Awto'pont, out upon it
Awtert, altered
Awviſh, queer, comical.

B

BACCO, Tobacco
Backurt, backward
Bakſtone, q. bake-ſtone. A. S.
Bagging-time, baiting-time.
Balderdaſh, hodge-podge. A. S.
Ball, the body of a tree.
Ballocks, the teſticles. A. S.
Bally, belly
Ban, curſing. Bel.
Bandyhewit, a name given to any dog, when perſons intend to make ſport with his maſter
Bang, to beat. Bel.
Bankreawt, broken credited
Barklt, dirt, &c. hardened on hair, &c.
Bant, a ſtring
Bargin, bargain
Barmſkin, a leather apron
Barn, a child. A. S.
Barſt, burſt
Baſtert, baſtard
Baſtertly-gullion, a baſtard's baſtard
Bate, Beawt, } without, or except; alſo about, or trial.
Batter, of which Pancakes are made
Battril, a batting-ſtaff uſed by laundreſſes
Bautert, *vide* barklt
Bawk, a piece of timber laid croſs a houſe; alſo to deceive. Bel.
Bawks, diſcouragements; alſo a hay-loft. Bel.
Be, by
Beaſting, a beating
Beawls, bowls
Beawlt'nt, bowled
Beck'n, to call by the fingers A. S.
Becoſe, becauſe
Beeart, a beard
Been, nimble, clever
Beeoſs, cows
Beeſt, undigeſted milk, that next after calving. A. S.
Beeſt'n Caſtle, q. Beeſton Caſtle, ſeven miles from Cheſter
Beet-need, a help on particular occaſions
Begant', Begun, } began to
Behint, Behunt, Behund; a ſignifying behind.
Beleady, by our lady
Beleakins, a diminutive of by our lady, or an interjection
Bells, q. bellows, makes noiſe
Beleeft, believed
Beleemy, believe me; from Belamy, my good friend Old Fr.
Belive, by and by
Bellart, a bull or bear's ward

Bell'n, } making a noiſe
Belling, } A. S.
Bench, a ſeat
Ber, force
Berm, yeſt. A. S.
Beſhite, to foul, to dirty A. S.
Beſhote, dirtied. Teu.
Bezzle, from embezzle, to waſte
Bib, a breaſt-cloth
Bin, been
Bit, a ſmall part
Bitter-bump, the bittern
Blackiſh, inclining to black.
Blackſtone-Edge, a hill between Lancaſhire and Yorkſhire
Blain, a little boil. A. S.
Bleb, a bubble. Bel.
Bleſſin, a block or wedge
Bleſſin-nead, a blockhead.
Blend, mix. A. S.
Blendit, mixed. A. S.
Blid, from blood; an interjection
Blinkert, blind of one eye
Blur, a blot. Sp.
Boadle, half a farthing
Bode, did abide; alſo foretell. A. S.
Boggart, a ſpirit, an apparition
Boggle, to be afraid. Du.
Boh, but. N. B. This and ſome other Lancaſhire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very ſhort aſpiration, as meh, for me, &c.
Boke, to point the finger at. Bel.
Bonkful, thankful
Booan, a bone
Boart, a board
Bookth, bulk, the largeneſs of a thing. A. S.
Booſe, a cow's ſtall. A. S.
Bote, did bite
Bo'th', but the
Bought, } the bend, as the
Boot, } bought of the elbow, &c.
Bowd, bold
Borrut, borrowed
Boyrn, to rinſe or waſh. A. S.
Boyrnt, waſh'd. A. S.
Brabble, } a ſquabble or
Draugle, } falling out.
Brabblement, } Bel.
Brangl-ment, }
Braggot, new ale ſpiced with Sugar, &c. Br.
Brad, ſpread, opened
Braſs, copper-money, alſo all ſorts of coin
Braſt, } burſt
Braſtit, }
Brat, a child; alſo a courſe apron. A. S.
Brawn, a boar.
Breans, brains.
Bree, broth without meal; alſo to fear a perſon
Breechus, breeches
Breed, frightened
Breether, brothers
Brekfuſt, Breakfaſt
Breve, brave
Breyd, a board
Brid, a bird
Brigg, a bridge
Briggs, irons to ſet over the fire
Brimming, a Sow is ſaid to be ſo, when ſhe wants to engender. A. S.
Brindlt, a mixture of colours in cows, dogs, &c.
Britchel, apt to break.
Brok'n, broken
Brog, a ſwampy place; alſo a buſhy place
To brog, there are two ways of fiſhing for eels, called Brogging, one with a long pole, line, and plummet, the

other by putting the hook and worm on a ſmall ſtick, and thruſting it into holes where the eels lye. Du.

Broo, brow, forehead

Bruart, the rim, or brims of a hat.

Bruart, the blades of corn juſt ſprung up

Bruck, brook

Brunt, burnt. Bel.

Bruit, a rumour, a report

Bruited, reported

Bruza'd, broken, or dulled; alſo to bruz the ſkin off, is to knock it off

Buck, a book

Bullock't, bullied, cheated

Bun-hedge, a hedge made of twiſted ſticks

Bunhorns, briers bored for to wind yarn on, uſed by woollen weavers

Burley, thick, clumſy. Teu.

Burr, a very tenacious flower-bob, or ſeed of the large water-dock

Buzz'd, whiſper'd

Byth' Miſs, q. by the Maſs, an Interjection

Byzen, blind

C

CADGING, to ſtuff the Belly; alſo to bind or tye a thing

Cam, awry. Br.

Camm'd, crooked, gone awry, alſo argued croſsly, illnatured

Camp, } to talk of any thing
Cank, }

Campernowns, ale pottage, in which are put ſugar, ſpices, &c.

Campo, } to prate faucily
Cample, }

Cankard, ruſty; alſo ill natured

Cant, healthful, cheerful.—Bel.

Capable, able to do

Caper Couſins, great friends

Capt, to be ſet faſt, to overdo a perſon

To Cark, to be careful and diligent. A. S.

Carl, a clown. A. S.

Carlings, peaſe boiled on Care-Sunday are ſo called, i. e. the Sunday before Palm-Sunday

Carrit, carried; alſo a carrot

A Carry-Pleck is a boggy place whoſe water leaves a red ſediment

Carron, q. carrion, a term of reproach

Catter, to heap up, to thrive in the world. Fr.

Catterwawing, Catterwalling } wooing, or rambling in the night, after the manner of cats, from whence it comes

Cawd, Cawd'n } called

Cawn, they call.

Cawſe, a calf

Cawſe-tail, a Dunce

Chaffo, to chew

A Char, a ſmall job of work, alſo to ſtop. A. S.

Charger, platters, diſhes

Chark, a crack

Charn, a churn

Charn-curdle, a churn-ſtaff

Chary, careful, or painful

Chat, to talk; alſo a ſmall twig. Fr.

Cheeons, chains

Cheeot, cheat

Cheeop, cheap

Chez, from chooſe

Chieve, to proſper

Chill, cold. A. S.

Chill-blains, ſwelling in the fingers and toes
Childer, children
Chilr, a child
Chimley, a chimney
Chip, an egg is ſaid to chip when the young cracks the ſhell
Choamber, a chamber
Choance, a chance
Chomp, to chew; alſo to cruſh, or cut things ſmall
Choynge, change
Churn-getting, a nightly feaſt after the corn is cut.
Clammer, to climb; alſo a great noiſe
Clammy, gluiſh, tough. A. S.
Clatch, a brood of chickens
Clatter, a ſudden noiſe. A. S.
Cleart, cleared
Cleawd, a cloud
Cleawt, a clout
Cleek, to catch at haſtily
Cleeon, clean
Cleeoning, the after birth of a cow
Clemm'd, famiſh'd, ſtarv'd
Clever, } luſty, ſkilful; alſo
Cliver, } very well
Clewkin, a ſort of ſtrong twine. A. S.
Clock, a beetle
Clocking, the noiſe of broody hens. A. S.
Clooas, cloaths
Cloyſe, } very near; alſo a
Cloſe } croft or fold
Clotted, ſticking together.—Bel.
Clough, a wood; alſo a valley. A. S.
Clozzoms, tallons, *vide* clutches
Clum, did climb
Clumſt, } unhandy, unweildy.
Clumſy, } Du.
Cluſſumt, ſwollen with cold. Du.
Clut, to ſtrike, a blow
Clutches, the hands, the talons of birds; alſo in poſſeſſion of
Clutters, all on heaps. Du.
Cluitert, gathered on heaps. Du.
Coaken, the ſharp part of a horſe ſhoe; alſo to ſtrain in the act of vomiting
To Cob, to throw
Cobſtones, ſtones that may be thrown; and alſo larger ſtones. A. S.
Cob-coals, large pit-coals.—A. S.
Cock, to ſtand up, as cock thy tail, hold it high
Cocker, to fondle; alſo an old hoſe without foot. Fr.
Cockers and Traſhes, old ſtockings without feet and over-worn ſhoes
Cocket, pert. A. S.
Cods, the teſticles. A. S.
Cod-piece, the forepart of breeches. A. S.
Coil, a great ſtir; alſo a lump on the head by a blow
Collock, a large pale
Com, } a comb
Coomp, }
Coom, came
Con, can; alſo to con a thing over, is to look it over
Condle, a candle
Conny, brave, fine
Cooth, a cold
Cops, balls or lumps of yarn. A. S.
Cop, } a fence. A. S.
Copping, }
Copweb, ſpiders' web. Bel.
Cokes, } cinders
Corkes, }
Coſey, a cauſeway
Coſt'n, did coſt
Coſtril, a little barrel

Cotsfiſh, q. God's fleſh

Cotter. Cotterel, } a pin to hold the wheel on the axle tree, by ſome called a lin-pin.

Covert, covered

Cowd, cold. Du.

Cowken, a ſtraining to vomit

Cown, Colne in Lancaſhire

Crackling, a thin wheaten cake

Craddins, to lead craddins is to play a bold adventurous trick

Craddinly, cowardly

Crags, rocky rough places.—Br.

Cram'd, crooked

Crap, money

Craſh, the noiſe of any thing when it breaks

Cratch, a rack for hay, &c. A. S.

Cratchingly, feeble, weak

Creawp-ars'd, hog-breech'd

Creawn, a crown

Creeas, the meazles

Creawſe, very loving, luſtiful

Crevis, a hole, or crack

Creemt, to give a thing privately

Cretur, creature

Crewet, a ſort of glaſs vial to hold vinegar

Crib, a place to hold ſucking calves; alſo a pinfold, a gaol

Cricks an howds, pains and ſtrains

Cricket, a ſmall ſtool; alſo a houſe inſect

Crimble, to go into a ſmall crumbs

Crimble ith' Poke, is to run back of a bargain, to be cowardly

Crinkle, to bend under a weight; alſo to rumple a thing. Du.

Chriſtins, Chriſtians

Com, to ſtuff; alſo to put a thing in a place

Comm'd, ſtuff'd

Cronk, the noiſe of a raven; alſo to prate. Bel.

Crony, a trite companion

Croo, a crib for a calf

Crope, crept

Crop'n, crept into

Crow, an iron gavelock

Crummil, Cromwell

Cun, Con, } to cun thanks, is to give thanks

Crump, cramp a diſeaſe; alſo to be out of humour. A. S.

Crumple, to ruffle

Cruttle, to ſtoop down, to fall, *vide* crinkle. Du.

Cubbort, cupboard

Cud'n, could

Cudneh, cou'd you

Cullert, coloured

Cumbert, cumbered. Du.

Cumn, come, or came

Cumpunny, company

Cumt', come to

Cun, can

Cup o' Sneeze, a pinch of ſnuff

Curtnurs, curtains

Cutter, to make much of, as a hen or gooſe of their young.

Cuzz'n, couſin; alſo to cheat

D

DAB, a blow; alſo being active at any thing

Dacker tickle, or unſettled weather. Teu.

Daddle, to reel or waver on the road, to go as ducks

Daffock, a dirty ſlattern

Dagg'd-arſe, Dagg'd-tele } q. dewy arſe q. dirty ſlut Bel.

Dane, down
Dangus, the ſame with daſſock
Darn, to draw up a hole with a needle. A. S.
Dawnger, danger
Dawnt, to fear
Dawntle, to fondle
Deawk, to go over head in water
Deawmp, dumb
Deawt, Date } doubt
Deeave, to ſtun with a noiſe. Du.
Deeavely, lonely
Deeing, dying
Deeod, dead
Deeol, a deal, much
Deeols, deals, trades with
Deeoth, death
Deer, daubed, beſmear'd
Deg, to wet, to ſprinkle water on. Fr.
Deme, dame
Defunt, handſome
Dey, day
Didney, Didneh } did you
Dick, a bye name for Richard
Dickons, an interjection
Dicky, a diminutive of Richard
Dicky o'Wills, *vide* Tummus o'Williams
Din, a noiſe. A. S.
Ding, to knock, to ſtrike.—Teu.
Dingle, a valley. A. S.
Diſactly, exactly
Dither, to tremble. A. S.
Dithert, quaked, trembled
Doage, wettiſh, a little
Dock, to cut off
Dofft, put off undreſſed
Donk, a little wettiſh. Bel.
Donn'd, put on, dreſs'd
Dons, put on
Doo, do
Dooal, money, &c. given at a funeral, or other times.—A. S.
Doſome, healthful
Dowd, dead, flat, ſpiritleſs
Doot nor do, lingering, a bad ſtate of health.
Doing, or Dowing } healthful
Dowter, daughter
Doytches, ditches
Doytch-backs, fences
Dozening, Dozing } Slumbering. A. S.
Draff, grains. A. S.
Draight, a draught or team
Drape, a barren cow, one that is not with calf. A. S.
Dreawps, drops
Dreawnt, drowned
Dree, long, tedious. A. S.
Dreeomt, dreamed
Drench, to draw or let in water. A. S.
Drift, did drive
Drizzle, to rain ſoftly. Bel.
Droy, to wipe, alſo thirſty
Droyve, q. drive, alſo to put off
Dubbler, a large diſh. Bel.
Dungn, knocked
Dunnaw, do not
Dunneh, do you
Dur, a door
Dur-cheeks, the frame of wood to which doors hang.
Durn, that peice of wood or ſtone by which yeats, or gates hang
Duzz'n, a dozen, twelve

E

E, q. ah! an interjection alſo I
Ealt, ailed
Eary, every
Eaſing, or Yeaſing } the eaves of a houſe
Eawer, or Are, } our, alſo an hour

Eawls, owls
Eawnce, ounce
Eawt, out
Eawtcumbling, out-cumbling, a ſtranger
Eawther, author
Ebil, Abel
Ebbreen } eyebrows
Ebrees }
Edder, an adder. A. S.
Eddiſh, graſs after mowing.—A. S.
Ee, an eye; alſo, Ee, Ee, is yes, yes
Eem, I connaw eem, i. e. I have no time
Een, } Eyes; alſo even; alſo an interjection; and likewiſe an eve, or vigil
Eendleſs-annat, the ſtraight gut
Endways, endways, forward
Endneaw, by and by
Eete, } did eat
Eeyght, }
Egad, a diminutive of the oath, by God
Egodſnum, q. in God's name
Efeakins, a diminutive of in faith
Eh, he; in; I, and you
Eigh, yes, the ſame with Ee
E-law, q. ah, Lord!
Elder, an udder, alſo a Cromwell's Juſtice of Peace. Bel.
Ele, ale, alſo ail
Ere ever, before
Eſhin, a pail
Elſin, a ſort of a awl. Teu.
Elt, to ſtir dough ſometime after kneading
Elſhole } the hole under the
Aſhole } fire to hold aſhes
Eſtid, inſtead
Eteaw, broken, in pieces
Ettercrops, } Spiders. B.
Attercrops, }
Ett'n, eaten
Ewer, ever
Ex'n, q. oxen

F

FADGE, a burden, or part of horſe's load
Fag, to tire
Fag-end, the tail-end, a remnant. A. S.
Fair-faw, a term of wiſhing well
Fammiſh'd, ſtarv'd by famine
Fangs, the tuſks of a dog or bear. A. S.
Far, for
Far-geh, forgive
Farrently, q. fair and likely, handſome
Farrow, a ſow's bringing forth young. A. S.
Farry, a litter of pigs. A. S.
Fartin, fortune
Faſh, the tops of turnips, &c.
Fattle be ith' Foyar, all will be wrong
Fattiſh, inclining to be fat
Faw, } fall
Fo }
Fawn, } fallen
Foan, }
Fawſe Runners, the ingenious author of the Monthly Review
Fawt, fault
Fear, afraid
Feaberry, gooſeberries
To Feft, is to give an eſtate for life, &c.
Feathering, } the finiſhing or topping of a hedge, alſo laying hay on a cart.—A. S.
Feaw, foul, ugly
Feawly, ugly, unfortunately
Feaw wean, an ugly woman
Fearſo, fearful
Feel, fell

Feggur, fairer. A. S.
Feld, felt, unperceived
Feelt, a field
Feerfuns-een, Shrovetide
Felly, } a man
Fellow, }
Fellicks, } the rounds of a
Fellies, } wheel. Da.
Felly'l, the man will
Fend, to endeavour, to provide for
Fare } fair, honeſt; a fair, alſo fare, or cheer
Feſt, } q. to faſten; to bind
Feſt'n, } apprentice. A. S.
Fethur, father
Fettle, dreſs, caſe, condition
Fewtrils, little things
Fey, the earth lying over ſtone, ſlate, &c.
To Fey, is to remove ſuch earth
Fib, a lie
Fin'ſt, beſt, braveſt
Firrups, a kind of imprecation
Fittut, fitted, ſupplyed
Flaight, a light turf
Flap, the lap of a coat, &c.—A. S.
Flaſker, to daſh or play in water
Flaſh, a lake. Bel.
Flaſket, a ſhallow baſket
Flay, to fear, to frighten
Flay'd, frightened
Fleak, a Hurdle made of twiſted hazles; alſo a thing made to dry oatcakes on.
To Fleak, to baſk in the Sun Du.
Fleckt, ſpotted
Flee, flay, to ſkin
Fleed, ſkinn'd
Fleigh, a Flea
Flet, ſkimm'd. Bel.
Flet Milk, Milk with the Cream taken off. Bel.
Flick, a Flitch of Bacon.—A. S.
Flit, to remove. Da.
Fliz, } a ſplinter or ſhiver
Flizzing, } Da.
Flooſe, q. fleece of wool, hay, &c.
Flopper-meawth, blubber-lipp'd
Flunter, in a great hurry; out of Flunter, not well, ſickly
Fluſk, to fly at, as two cocks
Flyer, to laugh ſcornfully
Flyte, to ſcold. A. S.
Fob, a pocket. A. S.
Fog, graſs after the mowing; alſo a miſt. A. S.
Foiſt, a f—t
Foiſty, ſtinking
Fok, folk
Fok'll, folk will
Follut, followed
Foo, a fool; alſo full
Foo-goad, a plaything
Foomurt, the pole-cat, or wild-cat. Br.
For ſartin, } for certain,
For ſhure, } certainly
For't, for it
Forthowght, repented; alſo foreſight
Forſuth, forſooth
Forrud, forward
Foryeat'n, forgotten
Fotch, fetch
Fowd, a fold, or yard
Foyar, fire
Foyar-new, very new
Foyar-potter, an iron inſtrument to ſtir up the fire
Framput, an iron ring that runs on a ſtake to which cows are faſtened
Frap, to crack, alſo to fall into a paſſion
A Fratch, a quarrel
Fratching, quarrelſome
Freeot'n, forgotten
Frem, not a kin; alſo tender. A. S.

Freſh cullert, roſy, well-coloured
Fridge, to rub, to ſcrat
Frim, tender. A. S.
Friſt, truſt. A. S.
Fro, from
Fro off on her, off her
Frough, tender, rather brittle
Frowt, for ought
Frump, a mock or jeer
Fun, found; alſo ſport
Furſt, Forſter, } firſt
Fuſs, a great ſtir
Fuſſock, a term of reproach for fat idle women

G

GA. gave
Gable-end, the wall at the end of a houſe, &c. Bel.
Gablock, Gavelock, } a ſtrong iron bar uſed for a lever. A. S.
Gad, to run about, as cows in hot weather. A. S.
Gaight, gave it
Gainer, nearer
Gaikeer, a tub to work drink in
Gam, fine ſport, diverſion; alſo game
Gan, give, did give
Gar, to force
Garth, a hoop for tubs, &c.—A. S.
Gaſh, a large cut or wound
Gate-away, gone forwards
Gaunt, lean, empty. A. S.
Gawby, a dunce
Gawm, underſtand or comprehend, alſo to mind
Gawm'lt, play'd the fool
Gawmleſe, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs.—A. S.
Gawpe, to ſtare with open mouth
Gawſter, to boaſt
Gawſtring, hectoring, bragging
Gawt, or Gote, } a paſſage for water, a floodgate. A. S.
Geaw, go
Geawn, the gummy matter iſſuing from tender eyes.—Br.
Gee, to gee is to agree, to ſuit
Geer, ſtuff of all ſorts; alſo a horſe harneſs. A. S.
Geh, or Gi' } give
Gerſe, graſs
Geete, did get
Geet, give it
Get'n, got
Geax, Geaux, Geawie, } gueſs. Du.
Gezlings, q. Goſlings, or young Geeſe. A. S.
Gibberidge, ſtammering, broken, or imperfect ſpeech.—A. S.
Gig, } a machine uſed in dreſſing cloth; alſo a hole made in the earth to dry flax
To ſet oth' Gigg, is to ſet on, to ſtir up
Giggle, to laugh wantonly.—
Giglet, a wanton girl. Bel.
Gilders, Gillers, } are lengths of hair twiſted, of which fiſhing-lines are made
Gilliver, a gilliflower; alſo a wanton woman
Gill-hooter, an owl
Gilt, a female pig; tho' it be cut
An opp'n Gilt, one ungelt or uncut
Gimlet, a nail-piercer to bore holes. Fr.
Ginnil, a ſtrait ſtreet; a narrow paſſage
Ginn, to grin

Gizzern, the ſtomach of a fowl. Fr.
Glead, a kite. A. S.
Glendurt, ſtared. A. S.
Glent, a glance or ſly look—A. S.
Glenting, looking. A. S.
Gley. to ſquint. A. S.
Glib, ſmooth, ſlippery. A. S.
Glimmer, to ſhine a little.—Du.
Glimmering, ſhining a little, a ſpark. Du.
Gliff'n, to ſhine. A. S.
Glifter, to ſhine or ſparkle
Glitter, to ſhine
Gloor, to ſtare. A. S.
Glooart, ſtared. A. S.
Glopp'nt, frightened
Gloſſy, ſhining. A. S.
Glur, the ſofteſt of fat
Goads, cuſtoms; alſo playthings
Goart, pierced that blood appears. A. S.
Gob, a large piece of meat
Gobbin, Gobſlotch, Godſnum, } a greedy clownish perſon, a dunce, God in God's name
Goddil, q. God will
Gog, to ſet a gog is to ſet on
Gonner, a gander
Gonnerhead, a ſtupid perſon or dunce
Gooa, go
Gooan, gone
Gooddit, Shrovetide
Good lorjus deys, q. Good Lord Jeſus what days! an interjection
Gooink, gooing
Gooms, gums. A. S.
Gore, blood; alſo a triangular piece of cloth put in a ſhirt to widen it. A. S.
Gorſes, furze, a prickly ſhrub. A. S.
Goſhawk, a fowl; alſo a duncely perſon. A. S.
Gote, a water paſſage
Gowd, gold
Gran, did grin
Graſh, to eat greedily, to break any thing
Graunch, *vide* graſh
Greadly, well, right, handſomely
Greave, a grave
Greawnd, ground, the earth
Greaſe, fat; alſo graſs
Greawt, ſmall wort. A. S.
Greece, a little brow; alſo ſtairs
Greeof *or* greeof by, right, or very near ſo
Grim'd, beſmeared. Bel.
Grin, a ſnare; alſo a ſneering look. A. S.
Gripp'n, claſped or clinched hand. A. S.
Grip-yort, Grip-yard, } a ſeat of great clods or turf, ſupported with twiſted boughs, (hurdle-wiſe) & generally made round ſhady trees. A. S.
Grit, ſandy. A. S.
Gritty, Gritley, } ſandy. A. S.
Groats, oats hull'd, but unground
Gronny, a grandmother
Gronſur, a grandfather
Groon, grown
Grooing, growing
Groop, the place where cattle piſs in a ſtippen
Grope, to feel awkwardly or in the dark. A. S.
Groyn, a ſwine's ſnout. A. S.
To Gry, is an eaſy ague fit, or the ague hanging on a perſon

Gurd o Leawghing, a fit of laughter

Gutt', go to

Guzzet, } a four ſquare piece of cloth to widen the arm-pit of a ſhirt

H

HA, Hav, Han, } have

Hackt, knock'd together, alſo to cut bunglingly

Had-loont-rean, the gutter or ſpace between the head lands and others

Had'n, had

Hag, Haggus, } the belly

Haft, or Heft, } the handle of a knife; alſo heft is a life.—A. S.

Haigs, the white thornberry. A. S.

Hal o' Nabs, q. Henry of Abraham's

Halliblaſh, a great blaze

Hallidey, holyday

Halloo, to ſhoot

Halloo'd, ſhouted

Hammeh, have me

Hammil, a village. A. S.

Hangum, Hongum, } hang them

Hanker, to deſire, to covet

Hap, to cover; alſo to put or encourage a dog, &c. A. S.

Happly, perhaps

Harbor, to entertain. A. S.

Harr, to ſnarl like an angry dog

Harms, after, to ſpeak the ſame thing, like an echo.

Harry, q. hurry to teaſe, tired. Fr.

Harry's, Henry's

Harſton, Harſtone, } q. hearth-ſtone

Haſk, dry, parched

Haver, oats. Du.

Haver-bread, Oat-bread

Hauſt, a cough, a cold. Du.

Hawmpo, to halt

Hawmpow't, did halt

Hawpunny, halfpenny

Hawms, two pieces of crooked wood placed on the collar of a horſe when he draws

Hawm-bark', the collar of a horſe

Hawps, a tall duncely perſon

Hawve, half

Healo, baſhful

Hearo, hear you

Heaſty, haſty

Heck, a half door. A. S.

Hee, a male; alſo high

Hed, did heed, minded

He'er, he was

Here, hoar froſt, alſo a miſt

Hee-witch, a wizzard

Hear'n, hear

Heaw, how

Heawſe, houſe

Heawt, how it

Heeve, did heave or lift up

Height, have it, alſo high

Helder, more likely

Helt, likely

Hem, the edge

Heps, the brier's fruit

Herple, to halt or limp

Het, q. hight, or named. A. S.

Hetter, keen, eager as a bull-dog

Hew'r, hair

Hey-go-mad, like mad, ſhouting mad; alſo to do any thing after an exceeding manner

Hey-mough, Hay-mow

Heyt, have it

Hig, a paſſion

Heyvy, heavy

Hill, to cover

A Bed-Hilling, a coverlet, a rug

Hight-nor-Ree, nothing at all of
Hippink, a linen clout, to keep infants clean
Hit, it; the thing
Hitting, a lighting on; alſo ſtriking. Da.
Ho, or Haw } a hall
Hoave, half, alſo did heave
Hob-nob, raſhly. A. S.
Hobs, are ſtones ſet up, or laid at either end of the fire, a duncely fellow is alſo called a Hob
Hobbil, Hobgobbin, } a natural block-head or fool
Hobbletehoy, a ſtripling at full age of puberty
Hobgoblin, an apparition, a ſpirit
Hobthruſt, the ſame; this is ſuppoſed to haunt only woods
Hobbling, limping; alſo ſtammering
Hog-Mutt'n, mutton of a year-old ſheep
Hondle, handle
Hong, hang
Hont, hand
Hontle, handful
Hongry, hungry
Hongim, hang him
Hoo, ſhe. Br.
Hooant, ſwelled, hard in the fleſh
Hook or Crook, force
Hoor, a whore; alſo ſhe was
Hooſe, ſhe is
Hooſt, ſhe ſhall
Hopper, a ſort of a baſket.—A. S.
Hoppet, a little baſket. A. S.
Horſe-ſton, Horſe-ſtone, } ſteps to mount horſes
Horty, hearty
Hoſe, ſtockings. A. S.
Hotching, to limp, to go by jumps, as toads
Hotter, to ſtir up, to vex
Hottering mad, very mad or ill vexed
Hough, a foot, ſometimes the leg
How, whole
Howd, Howt, } hold
Howd-te-tung, hold thy peace
Howd'n, holden
Howſe, to ſtir up, to potter
Howſome, wholeſome
Hoyde, a hide, a ſkin; alſo to hide
Hoyſe, hoſe
Hoyts, long rods or ſticks
Hubbon, Huggon, } the hip
Huckſter, a ſeller of herbs, roots, &c. Du.
Hud, hid, covered
Hugger-mugger, conceals
Hummobee, the large round bee
Humpſtridd'n, ſtride
Hur, her
Hurly burly, a great ſtir, a noiſe. A. S.
Hure, hair
Hurn, a horn. A. S.
Hurrying, drawing, or dragging; alſo being in haſte
Huſht, ſilence. Du.
Hus, we
Huzz, to hum, to make a noiſe like bees
Hye, to make haſte. A. S.

I

ICCLES, long pieces of ice at the eaves of houſes, &c.
Id, he had; alſo I had
I'd, I had; alſo I would
Idd'n, you had
If idd'n, if you would
Ift, if thou
Iftle, if thou will

Ill-favort, ugly
Im, him
Imp, to rob, to deprive of
In, that; alſo or if, alſo than
Inkling, a hint. Teu.
Infarm, inform
Inneh, if I; alſo if you
Innin, if you will
Int, } if it
Intle, } if you will
Into, if thou
I'r, I was
Ir, you are
Irning, the making of cheeſe; alſo the ſmoothing of linen
Iſt, is it; alſo is the
I'ſt, I ſhall; alſo I ſhould
It', I to
Ither, in their
Ittle, it will

J

JACKANAPES, a term of deriſion
Jannock, a loaf made of oat-meal leavened
Jawms, the ſides of a window; aud alſo of the bottom part of a chimney. Fr.
Jawnt, a walking, or riding out a journey
Jingum-bobs, play-things
Jim, or } ſpruce, very neat
Gim, }
Jobberknow, a dunce or dolt. Du.
Jone's, John's
Joſty, come to
Joyſt, a ſummer's graſs; alſo a piece of wood laid croſs a floor. Fr.
Jump, a coat; alſo to leap

K

KA, or } a cow
Keaw, }
Kazzerley, ſubject to caſualties
Katty, a diminutive of Catharine
Keather, a cradle
Keawer, } to ſit or ſtoop down
Kare }
He Keawls, } he's cowardly
Keawlt, }
Keawnty, county
Keawnſil, counſel, or council
Keawerſer, worſe; alſo a hunter with horſes
Keckle, unſteady; alſo the noiſe of a frightened hen.—Du.
Keck, to go pertly. Du.
Kee, or } cows. A. S.
Kye, }
Keegh, to cough; alſo a cold. Du.
Keel, to cool. A. S.
Keem, or } to comb
Kem, }
Keen-hitten, eager, ſharp-bit
Keep, catch. A. S.
Keke, cake
Kele, time, place, circumſtance
Kene, a cane, or Cain
Kere'n, care
Kers'n, Chriſtian; alſo to Chriſten
Kerſunt, Chriſtened
Kerſmuſs, Chriſtmas
Keſe, caſe
Keſtling, a calf calved before the uſual time
Keſt, caſt
Keſtit, reckoned up; alſo to vomit
Keyke, or } to ſtand crooked
Kyke, }
Keyvt, overturned
Kibbo, a long ſtick
Kibe, to draw the mouth awry. A. S.
Kibe-heels, cracked or ſore heels
Kilt, killed
Kin, kind ſort
Kindly, a kindly cow, &c. a handſome, healthy cow

Kink, to loſe their breath with coughing, the chin-cough. Da.
Kink-hauſt, a violent cough. Du.
Kipper, amourous, luſtful
Kittl, tickliſh; alſo unſtable
Kiſt, a cheſt. A. S.
Knaggy, knotty. A. S.
Knep, to bite eaſily
Knoad, knew
Knockus, knuckles
Knoblocks, Knoblings, Knaplings, } little lumps of coals about the ſize of eggs
Knattert, gnawed
Knattle, croſs, ill-natured
Knotchel, to cry a woman Knotchel, is when a man gives public notice he will pay none of her new-contracted debts
Know, q. Knowl, a brow or ſmall hill
Knurs, knots, warts on trees. Teu.
Ko, quoth
Kreawſe, *vide* Creawſe
Kyb'n, to flout, by raiſing the under lip

L

LABBOR, labour
Lad, a boy; alſo did lead
Laft, left
Lag, to ſtay behind. Sw.
Laith, a barn; alſo to invite; alſo eaſe, or reſt
Lamm, to beat
Lant, urine
Langot, a ſhoe-latchet. Fr.
Lap, wrap
Larjus, Largeſs, } muco, a gift. Fr.
Laſtut, laſted
Lat, ſlow; alſo very late; alſo a Lathe. A. S.
Latching, infecting, catching
Lawmt, lame
Lattent, hindered
Le, let
Leach, a lake
Lean, to keep ſecret. A. S.
Learock, a lark
Leawk, long, barren, or heathy graſs
Leawky, full of Leawk
Leawpholes, q. loopholes
Leawſe, a louſe
Leck on, put on water; alſo when a veſſel will not hold water, it is ſaid to Leck.—Fr.
Lee, lay
Ledy, lady
Leefer, rather. A. S.
I'd os leef, I would as ſoon or rather. A. S.
Leeof, leave
Leep, did leap
Leeond, lend
Leet, light of, on, or met with; alſo light and lightning
Leett'n, to lighten
Leetſom, lightſome
Os thick os Leet, as quick as one flaſh of lightening follows another
Leete, let go
Leuger, longer
Lennock, ſlender, pitiable.—Fr.
Lether, to beat
Lew-warm, blood-warm
Ley-land, reſt, or untilled land. A. S.
Leyther, rather
Lick, to beat
Lickers, more likely
Lickly, very likely
Licklyeſt, moſt likely
Lieve, believe
Like, to love
Lik'n, to gueſs; alſo to compare

Lik't, likely to have; alſo did love

Lilt, Lilting, } to do a thing cleverly or quickly

Limp, to halt

Linch, a ſmall ſtep. A. S.

Line, lain

Lin-pin, a cotter, or pin that holds the cart-wheel on.—A. S.

Ling, long heath

Lipp'n, expect, alſo leaped

Lipp'nt, expected

Lite, a few

Lithe, calm; alſo to put oat-meal in broth. A. S.

Lither, idle. A. S.

Littlebrough, a country village near Rochdale

Livert, *vide* Thodd'n

Loath, unwilling. A. S.

Loaſt, looſed; alſo loweſt

Lob-cock, a great idle perſon

Lod, a lad

Looad'n, loaden

Loft, a chamber

Lonleydey, a landlady

Lone, a lane

Loont, a land, a butt, or diviſion of ploughed land

Lopper'd-Milk, cruddled milk Sw.

Loppering, boiling. Sw.

Loppering-Breawis, brewis made at the killing of a ſwine, with broth of the boiled entrails, &c.

Lorjus o'me, from Lord Jeſus have mercy on me, an interjection

Loothe, Loothy, } look thee, behold

Loſt'n, did loſe

Lotch, to halt; alſo to jump like a frog

Lother, a lather. A. S.

Lovers, the chimney

Loyſe, to loſe

Loyte, a few

Luckit, a nurſe's term; alſo us'd by way of ſcoffing

Luck'o, look you, ſee you.

Luff, love

Luff'n, do love

Lug, to pull by the hair.—A. S.

Lumber, Lumbert, } Miſchief, or hurt, alſo uſeleſs houſehold ſtuff. A. S.

Lung, long

Lunjus, ſubtle, very ſurly

Lunnon, London

Lunnon-Boggarts, the authors of the Monthly Review

Lunſhon, a large piece of meat

Lurdin, q. Lord-Dane, an idle lubberly fellow

M

MACK, ſort Manchet, white bread

Mander, manner or ſort

Mar, to ſpoil. A. S.

Marlocks, awkward geſtures; alſo fools

Marcy, mercy; alſo the river Merſey

Mare, Mere, } a large lake. Br.

Margit, Margaret

Marr'd, quite ſpoiled. A. S.

Marry, a common interjection

Marry-kem-eawt, a ſcornful interjection

Marvil, wonder, to wander, alſo admirable

Maſht, broke to pieces

Maikins, Mackins } a ſort of petty oath

Matho, Martha

Mattert, ſignified

Mattock, a tool in huſbandry. A. S.

Maukin, or Mawkin, } a bunch of rags, &c. ty'd to a pole to ſweep an oven; alſo a dirty woman

Maunder, murmuring; alſo a wandering, or waking ſtupidly. Fr.
Mawkinly, ſluttiſh, dirtily
Mawkiſh, ſickly, alſo duncely. A. S.
Maw, the ſtomach. A. S.
May-guts, maggots
Mead'n, a maid; alſo made
Meary, Mary
Meary o'Dicks, *vide* Tummus o'Williams
Meaſter, maſter
Meaſy, giddy, vertiginous
Meawlt, mouldy
Meawntebank, a quack
Meawſe, a mouſe
Meawt, to moult. Du.
Meawth, a mouth
Meawg'nt, did eat greedily
Meazyſow, giddy, or empty-headded
Medſ'n, medicine
Meeon, mean; alſo to go halves; alſo a thing bad in kind
Meawſe-neezes, mouſe neſts, knaviſh actions
Meeny, a family; alſo very many Fr.
Meeterly, indifferent, moderate
Meet-neaw, this moment
Meet-ſhad, exceeded
Meety, mighty
Meeverly, modeſtly, handſomely, gently
Meg-harry, a robuſt girl that plays with boys
Meh, me; alſo my
Mennaw, cannot, may not.—A. S.
Mex'n, to cleanſe a ſtubble, &c. A. S.
Mey, or Make } may; alſo make
Meyt, meat
Mezzil-feas'd, fiery-faced, full of red pimples Du.
Midge, a gnat. A. S.
Middingſpuce, a ſink or ſewer Br.
Min, to min on, is to put in mind
Misfartins, misfortunes
Miſgives, forbodes, tells
Miſmannert, clowniſh, unmannerly
Miſtruſtit, doubted, ſuſpected
Mitch-go-deet'o, much good may it do you
By th'Miſs, a common kind of an oath from maſs
Miſcaw, to call nicknames
Mithmaſh, a hodge-podge Fr.
Miſtene, miſtaken
Miſtol, a cow-houſe
Mitch, much
Mittens, gloves without fingers, alſo a very ſtrong pair to hedge in. Fr.
Mizzles, rains a little. A. S.
Mizzleth, a raining ſoftly
Mizzy, a quagmire
Mob, a woman's cloſe cap.
Molder, to puzzle; alſo a moldore
Molart, a mop to clean ovens, *vide* Mawkin
Mon, a man
Monny, many
Mooaſt, moſt
Moods, earth. Sw.
Moor, a hill; alſo a common, alſo more. A. S.
Mooter, mill-toll
Moother, mother
Moot, might. A. S.
Moot-point, exact, very near
Moot'n, Met'n, } might have done
Mough a mow of hay, &c.—A. S.
Mough'n, being very hot, to ſweat from molten. A. S.

Mourning, morning
Mowdywarp, a mele. A. S.
Moydert, puzzled, non-plus'd
Mullock, dirt, rubbiſh
Mun, or Munt, muſt
Munneh, muſt I
Muſe'n, to think or wonder
Murth, abundance
Muſtert-bo, q. muſtard ball
Muyce, mice
Muz, a nurſes term for mouth
Muzzy, ſleepy; alſo a little drunk

N

NAB, Ab, a by-name for Abraham
Nang-nele, a ſort of corns—A. S.
Narſe, fundament. A. S.
Naw, not
Nawſtler, an oſtler
Ne, or Ney, nay
Neeam, an aunt. A. S.
Neamt, named
Neatril, a natural, a fool
Neaw, Nah, now
Neb, a point; the forepart of a cap, &c. A. S.
Ned, & Need'n, theſe are uſed promiſcuouſly, for need, and did not need; and governed by the word following
Neceſſary, miſtaken for acceſſary
Neeom, an uncle. A. S.
Neen, eyes, alſo nine
Neeſt, a neſt; alſo nigheſt.—A. S.
Neet, or Neight, night
Neeze, coughing by being tickled in the noſe. A. S.
Nele, a nail
Neme, a name
Neſe, the noiſe. A. S.
Neſh, tender. A. S.
Neſtlecock, the darling, a laſt child. A. S.
Nettle, to vex
Newer, never
Ney, nay
Neyve, a fiſt
Nice, ſtrange, comical, alſo neat
Niſle, a nice bit of any thing, alſo trifling
Ninnyhommer, a vile dunce
Nip, the name of a dog; alſo to pinch, bite, cheat or wrong
Noant, an aunt
Nob, the head
Noger, an auger. A. S.
Noggin, a ſmall pale holding a meſs. Bel.
Nominy, a ſpeech
Nook, a corner. Bel.
Noon, Oon, an oven
Noonſcawp, the labourers' reſting time after dinner
Now, no
Nown, own
Nowt, nothing; alſo naught or had
Nudge, to jog or hit
Nuer, never
Nuzz-e boz, q. noſe i'th' boſom
Nuzzle, to ſtick the noſe in the boſom. A. S.

O

O', ſometimes uſed as a, on, you, and of
Oamfry, Humphrey
Oandurth, afternoon. A. S.
Oather, either
Obeawt, about
Oboon, above
Obunnunze. abundance
Od, a diminutive of God, an interjection; alſo ſtrange
Odder, very ſtrange

Oddsfiſh, a diminutive of God's fleſh, an interjection
Odds-on-eends, odd trifling things
Oe'rley, a leathern ſurcingle
Oerſchutcht, done ſlightly
Oe'r't, over it
Off-at-ſide, mad, delirious
Ofore, before
Ogen, again; alſo againſt
Ogoddil, if God will
Ogreath, well, right
Ogreyt matter on im, no great matter on him, he's not worth pitying
On, in, on, and, of, and upon
Onner, of your
Onny, any
Onoo, a ſufficient quantity
Onough, enough
On-o-wey, always
On's, ones
On ye been o mon, q. if you be a man
Oon, an oven
Oſs, to try
Os lee'f, I would chooſe.—A. S.
Offing, trying, offering
Oſt, as the; alſo as it; alſo eſſayed, try'd
Ot, at; alſo that
Othergets, q. otherguiſe, other ſort, otherwiſe
Otherweys, otherwiſe
Ots, that is
Ottcy, that I
Ottle, that thou will
Over bodit, is when a new upper part is put to the ſkirts of an old garment
Ouſel, a blackbird. A. S.
Owd, old
Owd Harry } names for the
Owd Nick } devil
Owdhum, a large village near Rochdale
Owey, away
Owſe, an ox. Du.
Owt, any thing; alſo good. A. S.
Oytch, each, every

P

PADDOCK, a ſmall encloſure
To Pan, to join, to agree
Pappet, paper
Parfit, perfect
Pariſht, ſtarved, or very cold
Parſ'n, parſon; alſo a perſon
Peawnd, a pound
Peawr, abundance; alſo might
Peawſweawſe } the ſtrong white tendon
Paxwax } in a neck of veal, &c.
Pede, paid
Pedidigree, for pedigree
To Pee is to ſquint yueerly
Peel, did ſtrike or beat
To Peigh, to cough
Penny-whip, very ſmall beer
Peſhunce, patience
Peſtil, the ſhank of a ham of bacon
Pet, to pet, is to be ſurly
Pettiſh, apt to be ſurly
Petch, a patch
Petch-wark, patch-work
Pewſ'nt, poiſoned
Pey, a pea
Peyls, does beat
Peyling, ſtriking or knocking rudely
Phippunny, fivepenny
Pickle, caſe, condition. Du.
Piece-woo, as much wool as makes a piece
Piſpit, pulpit
Pingot, a ſmall croft near the houſe
Pinn, to do a thing in haſte or eagerly
Piſſmote, ants
Pleawmtree, plumbtree
Pleck, a place. A. S.
Pleeos, pleaſe
Plucks, the lungs

Poo, a pool, or pond
Poo'd, pulled
Poogh, a ſlighting interjection
Poots, young hens, &c. Fr.
Pop, a ſhort ſpace; to pop in, to go in
Popt, dipt; alſo put in
Poſſing, an action between thruſting and knocking
Pot-crate, a large open baſket to carry earthenware in
Pote, to thruſt with the feet. Fr.
Pottert, diſturbed, vexed
Pow, to cut hair, alſo a pole
Powſe, lumber, offal
Powſement, a term given to a bad perſon
Protty, pretty
Preaſt, praiſed
Pre'o, Prey'o } pray you
Prime, the beſt, or very good
Primely, very well
Prooft, proved
Proven, provender
Pumpings, aſking of queſtions
Punch'd, Punſt, Pun'd, } kicked
Pule, to cry; alſo a pew
Puppy, a fool; alſo a puppet
Pynots, magpies

Q

QUagmire, a very boggy place
Quandary, at a loſs, in a brown ſtudy. Fr.
Queyn, Quean, } a whore; a term of reproach. A. S.
Quiet'nt, made ſtill
Quitting Pots, half gills, from quaffing. A. S.

R

RAbblement, the crowd, or mob
Rack (of mutton), a neck of mutton, alſo a frame to hold fodder or cattle
Rack and reend, to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin
Raddlings, long ſticks
Raddle the booans, is to beat ſoundly
Rank, wrong
Rap and reend, Rap an tear } do all they poſſibly can. A. S.
Rapſcallion, an ill perſon
Raſcally, knaviſhly
Raſh, a ſort of itch with infants
Rachdaw, Rochdale, a town in Lancaſhire
Ratcher, a rock, rocky
Rattit, ſcolded, from rattled
Rak th' Fire, is to cover the fire to keep it in
Reawk, to idle in neighbours houſes
Reawp, a hoarſe cold
Reant, rained
Reareſt, fineſt, beſt
Reaving, mad; alſo talking in one's ſleep
Reawnt, did whiſper
Reawſt, ruſt
Reeak, Reeam, } to ſquall, to make a ſhrieking noiſe. A. S.
Reeam, cream
Reeam Mug, the cream m
Reean, a gutter
Reeaſt, Reeſt, } the outſide of b con
Reech, Reek, } ſmoke. A. S.
Reeok, a ſhriek
Reetupper, a ſecond ſupper
Reet, right
Reecht, ſmoaked. A. S.
Render, to ſtew, to ſepa the ſkinny from the fat or ſuet, &c.
Reſtit, reſted
Reſiner, rahter
Rey, Rea, } raw.

Reytch, reach; alſo rich
Rick, to gingle; alſo to ſcold; alſo a ſtack of corn, &c.—A. S.
Ricking, jingling; alſo ſcolding
Rid, to part two fighting
Ridd'n, did ride, or being rid
Riding, is the hanging upon perſons for liquor
Riddle, a coarſe ſieve. Br.
Rife, common, ſwarming.—A. S.
Riff-Raff, lumber. A. S.
Rift, to belch. A. S.
Riggot, a channel or gutter; alſo a half-gelded horſe, &c.
Rim, the border or outſide of a wheel, or pot. A. S.
Rindle, a gutter.
Rive, to ſplit. A. S.
Riven, is ſplit. A. S.
Romp, to leap, or run about
Ronk, rank, ſtrong
Roort, roared
Rook, a heap
Rooze, to praiſe. A. S.
Rooſt, commended, praiſed; alſo a reſt for poultry.—A. S.
Rops, the intrails, bowels
Rottle, to rattle in the throat
Rott'n, a rat; alſo putrified. A. S.
Roytch, rich
Rufo, rueful
Rue Bargain, a repenting bargain
Runge, a long tub with two handles
Runt, a dwarf. Teu.
Ruſhberring, q. ruſhbearing, a country wake
Rutchot o' Jack's, *vide* Tummus o' Williams
Rut, the path of wheels
Rynty, ſtand off
Ryz'n Hedge, a fence of ſtakes and tiwſted boughs

S

SAckleſs, innocent. A. S.
Saig, a ſaw. A. S.
Saigh, did ſee
Sam, to gather together, to put in order
Sappling, a young oak; alſo oak wood
Sark, a ſhirt. A. S.
Sartinly, certainly
Sattlt, quiet, from ſettled
Savort'n, did ſavour
Sawgh, a kind of willow
Sawfly, ſoftly, ſlowly
Sawnter, to walk idly about
Sawt, ſalt
Scallion, an herb in taſte like onion
Scampo, to run faſt, to be in a hurry. Du.
Scampurt, run faſt. Du.
Scant, } very ſcarce, rare.
Scanty, } A. S.
Scarr, a ſteep, bare, and rocky place in the ſide of hills. A. S.
Scawd, to ſcald
Scawd-head, a ſcurfy or ſcabby head
Scawp, the head. Du.
Scap, eſcape
Scap-Gallows, a term of reproach, as much as to ſay he deſerves the gallows
Schrieve, to run wet matter, a corrupting
Scoance, a lantern; alſo the head. Bel.
A Scope, a baſon with a handle to lade water. Bel.
To Scotch a wheel is to lay a a ſtay under it
Scramble, } a ſtriving to catch
Scrabble, } things on their
Scrattle, } hands & knees on the floor.—A. S.

Scrannil, a meagre, or lean perſon

Scratting, } a pulling with the
Stratching, } nails. Du.

Scrawn, to climb awkwardly

Scroof, a dry ſort of ſcales.—A. S.

Scrub, to ſcratch or rub.—A. S.

Scrumple, to ruffle. A. S.

Scrunt, an over worn wig, beeſom, &c.

Scutcht, whipped; alſo to do a thing ſlightly, or quickly

Seawke, ſuck; alſo to ſuck

Seawl, wet ſtuff, &c. to eat with bread. A. S.

Seawndly, ſoundly, heartily

Seawr, ſour; alſo ill-natured

Secont, ſecond

Seech, ſeek

Seech'd, do ſeek

Seed, ſaw

Seel, or } a ſieve
Seigh, }

Seel'n, ſeldom

Seely, weak in body; alſo trifling, alſo empty-headed

See't, ſaw it; alſo ſee it, alſo a fight

Seete, } ſat, did ſit
Seet'n, }

Seete owey, ſet off, or out

Seg, a gelded bull. A. S.

Sefe, ſafe

Seign, ſeven

Seln, ſelf

Selvege, the edge of linen cloth

Sen, ſay

Senneh, } ſay you
Sen ye, }

Sennit, a week

Setter, an iſſue for cows, &c.

Sey, ſay

'Sfleſh, a diminutive of God's fleſh, an interjection

Shad, over did, excelled; alſo divided. A. S.

Shan, ſhall

Shaffle, to ſhuffle, to trifle

Shaftman, the length of a fiſt with the thumb ſtanding up, A. S.

Sharn, dung. Teu.

Shart, ſhort

Shawm, ſhame

Shed, ſpill'd

Sheeod, to divide; alſo to overdo

Sheam't, aſhamed

Sheawt, ſhout

Sheawtit, ſhouted

Sheed, to ſpill

Shiar, or Shire, quite, entirely

Shilders, } ſhoulders
Shooders, }

Shift, a contrivance, a device; alſo a ſmock

Shipp'n, a cowhouſe. A. S.

Shire, wholly, entirely

Shoavt, or } thruſt or puſh'd
Sheawvt, }

Shog, to jog; to go uneaſily Teu.

Shoo, a ſhovel

Shood, oat hulls

Shoon, ſhoes

Shop-board, a counter from ſhop-board

Shough, a ſhoe

Shu, a term to frighten poultry

Shunig, a frightening fowls

Shy, backwards, unwilling.—Br.

Sib, related to, akin. A. S.

Side, very long

Siftit, examined

Sike, a gutter

Simpert, minced words affectedly. A. S.

Sin, ſince

Singlet, an undy'd woollen waiſtcoat

Sinkdurt, channel mud

Sitch, ſuch

Size, fix; alſo proportion; alſo a glue to ſtrengthen woollen yarn
Skam, did ſkim or take off; alſo to throw a thing low.
Skeawr, to make haſte; alſo to ſcour. Teu.
Skellit, a ſmall pan with a handle. Fr.
Skellut, cooked
Sken, to ſquint. A. S.
Skew-whift, awry
Skime, to draw up the noſe ſcornfully
Skire, looſe, open, thin
Skirmidge, a little battle
Skrike o'day, day-break
Skrikeing, to ſquall or cry out
Skuſe, an excuſe
Slab, the firſt board of ſawn timber
Slabby, dirty. Du.
Slaigh, } the black-thorn
Sleawgh, } berry. A. S.
Slap, a blow
Slapt, whipt, beaten
Slaſh, a cut; alſo to cut
Slat, dirtied or wet, alſo did ſet on dogs
Slaver, the ſpittle
Slay, the hand-board of looms
Sleawn, a ſlumber
Sleawtch, any thing that hangs down; alſo an ill-looking perſon
Sleawtch-hat, i. e. uncock'd
Sleck, a ſmall pit-coal
Sleckt, quenched
Sled, a carriage without wheels Du.
Sleeat, to ſet on dogs
Sleek, ſmooth. A. S.
Sleet, ſnow and rain mixed.—A. S.
Sleeveleſs-arnt, a going to no purpoſe
Slice, a thin bit of wood to ſtir meat in pots, &c. A. S.
Slid, did ſlide, or ſlip; alſo an interjection. A. S.
ſlich'n, ſmooth. Du.
Slifter, a crevis
Slim, ſly, cunning. Teu.
Sliven, an idle perſon ſlovenly. Du.
Slooar, to graſp
Sloode, the path of cart wheels
Slop, bending or bevil
Sloppety, a dirty woman
Slotch, a greedy clown
Slough, the caſt ſkin of an adder; the ſlime of ſnails; alſo a deep dirty place.—A. S.
Sloytch, to take up water, &c.
Slur, to ſlide
Slutch, mud
Slyvin, a dirty idle man
Smack, a blow, alſo the crack of a whip
Smeawtch, a kiſs
Smelt'nt, ſmelled
Smit, } a black ſpot. A. S.
Smut, }
Smooring, ſmothering. A. S.
Smoot, ſmooth. A. S.
Snaffle, to ſpeak through the noſe. Du.
Snap, quickly; alſo to bite at; alſo to cheat or overreach. Du.
Sneap, to check. Da.
Sneck, the latch of a door.—Bel.
Sneeze, ſnuffs. A. S.
Sneeze-hurn, a ſnuff-box made of the tip of a horn
Sniddle, long graſs or ſtubble
Snidge, to hang on a perſon
Snift, a moment; alſo to ſnuffle at the noſe. A. S.
Snifter, to ſnuff at the noſe. A. S.
Sniftering Fellow, a ſhuffling ſneaking perſon. A. S.
Snig, an eel. A. S.

Snips, to go ſnips is to go halves, or parts with a perſon

Snite the Noſe, to blow the noſe. Br.

Snod, ſmooth, ſleek. A. S.

Snoode, a fillet to tye up women's hair

Snook, to ſmell

Snoor, } to make a noiſe in
Snore, } ſleep

Snot, mucus of the brain. Du.

Snug, tite, handſome. Du.

Snye, to ſwarm; alſo to pull up the noſe ſcornfully.—A. S.

Soany o'Sims, q. Alexander of Simeon's

Sod, a clod or turf. Du.

Soke, to lye in water to ſoften. A. S.

Soltch, a heavy fall

Snoblint, q. ſand-blind, ſhort-ſighted

Sops, toaſts. A. S.

Soo, a ſow. A. S.

Sooary, ſorry

Sope, a ſup, a little

So't, ſo it

Sow, the head

Sowgh, to ſigh

Sowght, ſighed

Sowd, ſold

Sowt, ſought

Spade-graft, about a foot deep

Sparrow-bills, ſhort nails uſed by ſhoe makers

Spanvin'd, a ſtrained horſe.—Fr.

Speeaks, } the rays or ſtaves of
Spokes, } a wheel. A. S.

Speek, did ſpake

Speer, a ſhelter in a houſe, made between the door and fire, to keep the wind off. Br.

Spelk, a thin bit of wood.—A. S.

Sperr'd, inquired; alſo to be ſperr'd, is to be publiſhed in the church. A. S.

Speyk at him, ſpeak to him

Splinter, a ſmall piece of wood. Bel.

Spokes, the ſtaves of a wheel. Br.

Spoat, the ſpittle

Spok'n, ſpoken

Spon new, bran new, never wore

Spoart, ſport

Spoos, bobbins for weavers ſhuttles

Spots, places; alſo ſtains.

Spoytſo, ſpiteful

Scymous, } ſaucy
Squemus, }

Stadles, marks made by the ſmall pox. A. S.

Stangs, long ſtrong ſtaves.—A. S.

Stank, did ſtink. Du.

Stanniel, a hawk

Stark, very ſtiff. A. S.

Stark-giddy, very angry, mad

Stark'en, to ſtiffen, as mutton fat in the froſt. A. S.

Staw, to be reſty, will not go. A. S.

Stawnch, ſtanch, firm; alſo to ſatisfy. Fr.

Stawnſhons, upright ſtaves in a window. Fr.

Stawp, to go clumſily

Stawtert, reeled

Steart, ſtared

Steawk, a handle

Steawp, to ſtoop down

Steawp on reawp, all, every part

Steawt, q. ſtout, alſo proud.—A. S.

Steeigh, a ladder, alſo a ſtile

Steep, rennit

Steepo, a ſteeple

Steyl, a handle

Stickle, to ſtand ſtiffly to a thing. Teu.
Stickle-but, ſtickt
Stickt, pierced, goſed
Stiddy, an anvil. A. S.
Stingy, ſpeaking. A. S.
Stint, to ſet bounds to. A. S.
Stirk, a heifer of a year old.—A. S.
Stoar, Store, } value, alſo treaſure
Stond, Ston, } ſtand
Stonning, ſtanding
Stoo, a ſtool
Stoop, Stud, } a ſtump in the roads to keep carts off: alſo pieces of wood or ſtone by which gates are hung
Stowe, ſtolen
Stracklings, raſh, fooliſh perſons
Stract, off their ſenſes
Strawnge, ſtrange, unknown
Streek, did ſtrike
Strey, ſtraw
Strike, two pecks. A. S.
Strickle, an inſtrument to mete corn; alſo another to whet ſcythes. A. S.
Strinkle, q. ſprinkle
Strines, the ſides of a ladder
Stroakt, ſtroaked
Stroke, of corn two pecks
Strung, ſtrong
Strunt, *vide* ſcrunt
Struſhon, waſte
Strowlt, q. ſtrolled
Stub, an old ſtump
Stuff, to cram; alſo a general name for many things.—Du.
Stunniſh, to ſtun, alſo to ſprain the ſinews
Stur, ſtir
Suds, a lather. A. S.
Sulky, ſubtle, ill-natured
Summot, ſomewhat
Sumheaw, ſome way
Sunk'd, ſunk
Sur, ſir
Suſe, ſix
Swat, to ſwoon
Swad, a pea or bean huſk
Swaith, Swathe, } a ſingle row of graſs cut by a mower. Du.
Swathe-bawkt, graſs miſſed in cutting between the ſwathes
Swamp, a boggy place Teu.
Swarffy, tawny, blackiſh.—A. S.
Swarm'n, do ſwarm; alſo a great number
Swat, ſweat, alſo did ſweat
Swatch, a piece for a ſample
Swattle, to waſte things by degrees, to drink
Sweamiſh, a bad ſtomach, ſaucy
Swealtit, hot with ſweating, q. melted. A. S.
Sweal, to burn, to blaze.—A. S.
Swilker, to daſh over, to ſhake liquor in a veſſel. A. S.
Swill, to waſh ſlightly. A. S.
Swinging ſtick, a ſtick for beating or opening wool.—A. S.
Swingle-tree, a piece of wood to keep the geers of a horſe open
Swither, Swithur, } to blaze, to burn very fiercely.
Swoon, to faint. A. S.
Swop, exchange
Sye, to put milk, &c. through a ſieve; alſo to rain very faſt

T

TA', take
T'a, to a

Tak't, take it
Talemed's father, the author of Telliamed, or the Indian Philoſopher
Tarrit, tarried
Tat, that
Tawk'n, they talk
Tawkn't, did talk
Tawm, to ſwoon, to vomit
Te, thy; alſo the; alſo
Teh, they
Tead'n, Theyd'n, they had
Tealie, a tailor
Tean, taken
Tearn, they were
T'eat, to eat
Teaſtril, a cunning rogue
Teathy, peeviſh, croſs. A. S.
Teaw, to pull; alſo to work hard; alſo to ruffle a perſon; alſo thou
Teawing, hawling, ruffling, working hard. A. S.
Teawn, a town
Teawſt, Theawſt, thou ſhall
Teawrt, thou art
Teawſe, to pull or ruffle
Teawzer, q. towzer
Ted, to ſpread graſs for hay. A. S.
Tee, thee; alſo a hair rope to ſhackle cows in milking
Teear, they were; alſo to rent
Teem, to pour out. A. S.
Teeny, fretful. *vide* Teathy; alſo very little. A. S.
Tele, a tail, or tale
Tell, to know
Tem'd, poured out. A. S.
Tems, a ſieve. A. S.
Ten, then
Tent, to guard
Tey, take; alſo thy
Tey't, take it
T'eyteh, teach
T'harcake, q. hearth-cake, from being baked on the hearth. It is made of oat-meal unleavened, mixed with butter and treacle
The, thee; alſo thy; alſo they
Theaw, thou
Theawr't, thou art
Thear'n, they were
Theaw'll, thou will
Theawm, Thame, thumb
Theaws'n, Theawſon, thouſand
Theawſt, thou ſhall
Theeigh, a thigh
Theeſe, theſe
They'n, they will
Thible, *vide* Slice
Thick podditch, thick water gruel
Thin, than
Thing'n, things will
Think, a thing
This'n, after this manner
Thooan, Thoan, wettiſh
Thoſe'n, thoſe will
Thowt, thought
Thodden Bread, &c. is ſaid to be thodden when it is ſtiff and cloſe like the liver of hogs
Thooal, to afford, A. S.
Thrang, throng. A. S.
Thrap-wife, *vide* Thrunk.—A. S.
Thraw, Threap, to argue hot and loud. A. S.
Thrift, a pain in the joints of young perſons. Teu.
Thrimmo, to finger a thing too long, as a miſer his money; alſo yarn ill ſpun
Throddy, Throddle, fat, broad, buſhy
Throtteen, thirteen
Throttle', ſtrangled

Thrung, } very busy
Thrunk, }
Thrunk os thrapwise when hoo hong'd 'er sell ith' dimcleawt; this is spoken of persons triflingly busy. A. S.
Thrut, the throw of a stone, &c. also the throw in wrestling
Thrutches, thrusts
Thrutcht, did thrust; also am thrust, or squeezed
Thrutchings, the last pressed wey in making of cheese
Thuinp, a blow
Thumping, a striking; also a thing very large or notorious
Thunk, a lace of white-leather. A. S.
Thurn, a thorn
Thwack } a great blow; also
Thwang' } a large piece of bread and cheese. A. S.
Thwole, } to afford, to allow.
Thoal. } A. S.
Thoanish, a little wet
Thwite, to cut with a knife
Thwittle, a wooden-hafted knife
Tick, vermin on cows, &c.
Tift, to be in good tift is to be in good order
Tike, perhaps from Tick, which see, any out of the way person is called a tike
Tilly, till I
Timmersome, q. timerous, fearful
Tin, till; also to shut a door
Tinge, a small red insect
Tinn'd, is shut
Titt, a horse or mare
Titter, to laugh. Teu.
Titter or latter, sooner or later. A. S.
Tite, neat, spruce; also as well, as soon
Tizeday, Tuesday
To, too; also thou
Toart, toward
Tone, the one
Tooart, a t—d. A. S.
Toad, a toad
Tooat, a tuft of hay, grass, &c.
Toose, those
To't, to it
Too-to, used when any thing excels
Topple, stagger, also to fall
Tory-rory, *vide* hey-go-mad
Tother, the other
Towd, told
Tyne, shut
Tynt, is shut
Toyart, wearied
Track, a path, as sheep tracks, &c. Fr.
Tramp, a journey; to tramp is to travel
Trash, a ripe fruit; also an over-worn shoe. Teu.
Trat, did treat
Traunce, a tedious journey
Treackle-Butter-Cake, bread spread over with treacle
Trest, a strong large stool.—Fr.
Trice, a moment, quickly
Trig, to run softly
Trindle, the trundle of a wheel-barrow. A. S.
Trouble'o, trouble you
Troubl't, troubled
Tum; to tum wool is to card it slightly
Tum, a bye-name for Thomas
Tummis o'Williams, o'Margit, o'Roaph's, q. Thomas of William's of Margaret, of Ralph's. These proper names are used in some parts of Lancashire, to distinguish persons where there are many of the same name in the same neighbourhood

Tunor, Tuner a dog's name
Tung, tongue
Tup, a ram
Tupenny, twopenny
Turmits, turnips
Turmoil, to vex; alſo to work very hard
Tuſsle, to ſtruggle, to wreſtle
Tutch, a comical trick
Tuttle, an awkward perſon in ſhape, humour, &c.
Twattle, to S—te; alſo to go about with tales. Bel.
Twinge, to nip, to ſqueeze.—Bel.
Twindles, twins. A. S.
Twinter, a year old heifer
Twirl, to whirl. A. S.
Twirl-poo, q. whirlpool.—A. S.
Twitch, to pinch, to nip.—A. S.
Twitch-ballock, the great black beetle. A. S.
Twitter, is to laugh ſecretly, within a twitter is within a little; twitter't yarn is unevenly ſpun. Teu.
'Twou'd, it would
Twur, is was; alſo it were
Tyke, *vide* Tike
Tyne, to ſhut. A. S.
Tyney, very little

U

UDdzlud, Udzo, } diminutive oaths from God's blood and God's wounds, interjections not commonly underſtood

Um, them
Unbethowt, reflected, remembered
Unlaight, or Unleawght, } unlaugh'd
Unkert, Uncoth, } ſtrange; alſo news. A. S.
Uphowd, maintain, uphold, to warrant a thing
Uphowdteh, maintain it to thee
Uphowdo', maintain it to you
Urchon, a hedge-hog. A. S.
Us't, uſed

V

VArlet, a vile perſon. Fr.
Varment, vermin
Varry, very
Veeol, veal
View-tree, the yew-tree

W

WAKKER, eaſy to be awaked. Du.
Wack'nd, awaked. Du.
Waddle, to ſtagger, or go like ducks. Du.
Waeſme, woe is me
Waggle, to go like ducks.—Bel.
Wamble, *vide* Waddle. A. S.
Wag, to move to and fro; alſo an arch perſon. A. S.
Walk-mill, a fulling mill.—Bel.
Walladey, q. wail the day! an interjection of ſorrow
Wantit, Wantut, } wanted
Want'n, want
Wap, a peep; wap't by, i. went ſwiftly by
War and war, worſe and worſe
Wark, work; alſo ached A. S.
Wark-brattle, loving to work A. S.
Wark, ached. A. S.
Ward, Warld, } world
Warry, to curſe. A. S.
Warrit, did curſe
Warritt'n, Warrington
Warſt, worſt
Wratcht, ached. A. S.

Wattles, the loweſt parts of a cock's comb. Teu.
Waughiſh, faintiſh, ſickly
Weuter, to ſtagger. A. S.
Wawk'n, walk
Wawt, overturn. A. S.
Wax, grow. A. S.
Waybroad, the herb plaintain. A. S.
Weal, to chooſe
Wear, to lay out money; alſo a dam. Br.
Wea's-me, q. woe is me, an interjection of ſorrow
Weaughing, barking
Weaw, the cry of a cat
Weeks of the mouth, the ſides of it
Weeky, moiſt, wettiſh
Weel, well
Ween, we have; alſo we will
Weet, wet; alſo with it. A. S.
Weete, to wet. A. S.
Weh, with
Well'd, boiled, or ſcalded milk; alſo to forge iron
Welly, or Weil-ney, } q. well-nigh, very near
Welkin, the ſky. A. S.
Welt, a doubling in the garment; alſo an hem. A. S.
Wem, the belly. A. S.
Went'n, went
Wetur, water
Wetur-tawms, } ſick fits, water qualms
Wey, way
Weynt, weaned
Whackert, quaked, trembled
Whaff, Whaft, } a blaſt of wind.—A. S.
Whake, to tremble
Wharle-knot, a hard knot
Wharloch, a wizzard
Whau, why; alſo well; an interjection
Whawm, to take a whawm, is to warm ones ſelf
Wheant, Wheint, } q. quaint, ſtrange, alſo comical
Whean, Wheign, } q. quean, a whore, a ſlut. A. S.
Wheas'n, the gullet. A. S.
Wheeze, to make a noiſe in breathing. A. S.
Wheem, near; alſo handy.—A. S.
Whewtit, Wheawtit, } whiſtled
Wherr, very ſour
Wherkn't, ſuffocated with water, ſmoak, &c.
Wherrit, a box on the ear; alſo did laugh
Wherrying, laughing
Whelpt, whelped. A. S.
Whick, alive
Whiffo, Whaffo, or whiff whaff, trifling words or deeds
Whimper, offering to cry.—Teu.
Whinney, to neigh. Br.
Whirl-booan, the round bone of the knee, the patella
Whirlybooans, the knees
Whiſht, huſh, ſilence
Whiſk-telt, light of carriage, whoreiſh
Whiſky, whoreiſh
Whinnit, neighed. Br.
Withern, whither will
Whiz, to hiſs, as a flying bullet. A. S.
Whoam, home
Whoav't, covered. A. S.
Whoad, who would; alſo who had
Whoats, cats
Whoo-up, ſhouting when all's over
Whoo-who,-whoo-who-whoo! an interjection of great ſurpriſe

Whot, what
What's, what is
Whott'n, what will they; alſo, what will they
Whottle, what will
Whotyel, q. hot awl, an iron to bore holes
Why-kawve, a female calf
Wick, a week
Wildcat, q. wild-cat, the polecat
Wilcome, welcome
Wimmy, with me
Win, will
Winnaw, will not
Winrow, hay put togeher in row before houſing it
Winte, the wind
Wiſket, a baſket
Wiſtey, a large ſpacious place
Witheawt, without
Wither, very ſtrong, luſty
Wither, with her; alſo with you
Wizz'n, to pine away, to dwindle
Wofo, woeful
Wonſt, once; alſo on purgoſe
Woo, wool
Wooans, lives or dwells
Wooant, did live. A. S.
Woodt, mad. A. S.
Wort, a word; alſo new liquor. A. S.
Wortch, to work
Wou'd, I wiſh
Woo'didd'n, I wiſh you would
Woudyedd'd,
Wough, a wall. A. S.
Wrang, wrong
Wrank,
Wroſtle, to wreſtle, alſo to grow ripe
Wroſtling, wreſtling. Du.
Wrynot, a ſurname
He ſhad Wrynot, and Wrynot ſhad the devil.
Wrythen, twiſted; alſo ill-natured. A. S.
Wryth'sly, peeviſhly. A. S.
Wondert, wondered
Wuns, lives; alſo an interjection from wounds. A. S.
Wunt, did live. A. S.
Wur, was
Wurneh, were you
Worney,
Wur, worſe
Wurr'n, was, were
Wurrit, was it
Wurt,
Wurther, was there. A. S.
Wythin Kibbo, a ſtrong willow ſtick
Wyzles, ſtalks of potatoes, turnips, &c.

Y

YALB, a herb
Yammer, to deſire eagerly
Yarley, early, ſoon in the morning
Yean, you will; alſo a ſheep is ſaid to yean when ſhe brings forth. A. S.
Yeandurto, before noon
Yeaſing, the eaves of an houſe
Yeſtmus, a handful
Yeſtpintle,
Yeaſy, eaſy
Yeate, a gate
Yearnſtful, very earneſt
Years, ears
Yeawl, q. howl like a dog
Yed, a bye-name for Edward
Yem, a bye-name for Edmund
Yoarth, earth. A. S.
Yepſintle, two hands full
Yer, your
Yigh, yes, yea,
Yo, you
Yoan, you will, you have
Yoar, you are

Yood'n, you was
Yorſhar, Yorkſhire, to put Yorkſhire of a man is to trick, cheat, or deceive him
Yort, a fold or yard
Yuletide, Chriſtmas time.—A. S.
Yugams, Chriſtmas games.—A. S.
Yugoads, Chriſtmas playthings. A. S.
Yuſterday, yeſterday
Yuſterneet, yeſternight
Yunk, } young
Yung, }
Yunger, younger; alſo youngeſt

Z

ZUNS, a petty oath from God's-wounds, an interjection

20 MA 59

THE BLACKBIRD:

A POEM.

THE DEDICATION.

To the moſt High, and Mighty, Stern viſaged

PLUTO,

PRINCE OF STYGIAN DARKNESS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF NOCTURNAL THUNDER, AND GENERALISSIMO OF ALL THE DEPARTED GHOSTS IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS, &c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS AND DREAD PRINCE!

I AM very ſenſible 'tis the higheſt preſumption in me imaginable to addreſs the following Poem to your griſly Majeſty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without ſtrong inducements; for where could the Whiſtling Ouzel have found an aſylum, to ſcreen her from the Britiſh Minos (her auſtere and implacable enemy) but in your ſwarthy dominions? Though at the ſame time ſhe flies to you for protection, ſhe's poſſeſſed with an ominous fear, that when her adverſary makes his exit out of theſe terreſtrial regions, you'll immediately degrade Æacus, advance him to the Bench, and aſſign to his profound and equitable care all the European Provinces; or at leaſt conſtitute him itinerant Judge in your ſhady juriſdiction.

But to leave this to your profound wiſdom, I muſt preſume to tell you, moſt awful monarch! that 'tis my humble opinion, that every carping Momus and ſnarling Critic, will acquieſce with

me in my ſecond motive for electing you my Advocate ſince 'tis the D——l of a Poem, on a black ſubject, written by a Collier, in an obſcure ſtyle, and therefore none ſo proper for its patron paramont, as your gloomy Majeſty.

Another reaſon is, becauſe I don't remember that any of the ancient or modern higlers in rhyme ever dedicated any of their productions to your duſky Godſhip: Though they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous name, extol your ſupreme power, and (if I may ſo ſpeak) have given us the coſmography of your ample dominions.

While you are thus ſlighted, there are not wanting thoſe who are buſy making puny Gods, and Goddeſſes, of mere terreſtrial lump; and the preſs has given us a modern proof of a threſher, who has thrown down his unwieldy flail, and taken up the pliant nimble pen to make one, who has lately paſſed through your ſooty territories, as powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddeſs CYBELE was to the ancients.

Since the clumſy flail has preſumed to addreſs a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darkneſs! of the firſt fruits of the ſwift-paced ſhuttle; which was a ſcion that bloſſomed, and whoſe fruit came to maturity this keen benumbing ſtorm, when looms were more terrible to cringing thin-bellied Weavers, than ever the pillory was to thoſe obſequious and loyal ſubjects of yours, *Pryn* and *Baſtick*.

And now methinks I have almoſt beaten that modiſh, and much-frequented path of Dedication enough; though I neither have nor can condeſcend to that nauſeous and ſervile flattery which is ſo redundant in addreſſes of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great ſelf, you had never heard of the

Whiſtling Ouzel: Neither would I have you think, that I have played the timid Indian, and offered the *Blackbird* to your ga lineſs as a propitiation for ſome enormous crime, committed againſt your Majeſty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely baniſhed that modeſty, which otherwiſe would never have permitted me to have ſent the *Blackbird* on her well-balanced ſable pinions, to your ſootineſs for protection: The which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch and neſtle about your awful throne: If your dreadful Majeſty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not ſuffer her to do, *i. e.* go whiſtle. I am,

Tremendous Sir,
Now,
And ever will be,
TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-Corner,
Jan. 15, 1739.

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THE BLACK-BIRD.

THE INVOCATION.

Thou who with ale or vile liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in ſpite
Of nature, and their ſtars to write;
Aſſiſt me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more. HUDIBRAS.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The Southern courſe, and in our climes begun
To perfect bloſſoms, and the budding flow'rs,
To paint the fields, and form the ſhady bow'rs,
The diſtant proſpects all around were ſeen,
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And ſchool-boys ſtood, while ſloth put on the reins
And with cramm'd ſatchels ſauntred in the lanes;
The younger ſort wou'd ſtroll about to get
The Daiſy, Primroſe, and the Violet;
While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager eyes would view
Each buſh and tree, from whence a *Linnet* flew,
And every hedge did pry into, to find
The downy ſtructure of the feathered kind.
Such were the days when MINOS would be dreſt
To look more awful on a day of reſt;
His ſapient head he deckt in perriwig
Of three tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big;
His beaver cock'd, plain dealing-wiſe, he pull'd
So low, his forehead in it ſeem'd involv'd,
But this was done, his viſage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face;
Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
Thought HUDIBRAS o'er gloomy *Styx* had got:

And as that Knight, ſo he'd a 'Squire to wait,
Whene'er he ſally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
This for the outward; but I muſt ſtrain
For to diſſect his wonder-working brain;
Unleſs I can get *Cibber's* fawning muſe,
To bathe my ſkull in crowning Laurel juice;
But ſince I've ventur'd the outſide to ſcan
I'll ſlightly touch upon hi inward man.
(But know, my angry muſe reflects not on
This tinkling cymbal for its jarring tone;
But for affecting thoſe Celeſtial airs,
By which the organ charms the liſt'ning ears.)
If ſpeech be the true index of the mind,
And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,
We may conclude, that ſince his ſpeech is clipp'd,
His moving garret is but half equipp'd;
But leſt a pun won't pleaſe the *wou'd-be-wiſe*,
His wit wants ballaſt, and his judgment eyes;
For nature made him without care, or art,
And left unfiniſh'd much the better part;
Or elſe in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
She nodded o'er him, and ſo ſpoil'd his brain.
If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd
Or how the Bench comes with his Worſhip grac'd,
That thought's ſubmerg'd in this, to think that we
Are ſway'd by fools, much greater knaves than he
We grant, he ſeems a genuine chip of thoſe
Convention-Wits, who lead us by the noſe;
'Tis true, we go like BRUIN to the ſtake,
Who knows his taſk, and fain his bonds would break
But forced on, he ſhakes his ſhaggy fur,
And looks with fury on each bridl'd cur;
Craftſman,* the bearward, doth promulgate law,
And threatens wounds from deep Panonian jaw;
Aſſerting ne'er a collar'd whelp doth play
The game that's fair, but runs a thieviſh way;

* Vide Gent. Mag. for Jan. 1740, Page 20.

And thinks with Juſtice, in this dire conteſt,
Each Cur ſhou'd run with fawning tail the firſt,
Or, if you pleaſe, ſmooth chins ſhould rule the roaſt
And hairy Ruffi'ns kick'd from every poſt.
Which ſcheme before all others I prefer,
If my old Grannum may be Treaſurer,
For i'm her only fav'rite, and muſt taſte with her.
But leſt ſome critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
And from a *Black-bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,
I'll to his Worſhip once again repair
That's going now to ſnuff the country air,
After a turn or two, within the room,
A hem breaks forth—and then he calls his Groom
Here Jack! Where's Jack? I'm here, his man replies;
Bring out my Horſe, and ſtraightway *John* complies.
He being gone, the Knight muſt ſee the glaſs
To fix ſome upright hairs in oblong face;
His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd ſhirt he drew
Unto his head, and ſet his wig aſkew;
Then gently ſtrok'd his manly beard, and then
Adjuſted three-tail'd peruke once again;
The bob before he'd often toſs behind,
As pleas'd his curious ſelf-admiring mind;
He lower'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
Pull'd in his chin, more majeſty to ſhow:
Pleas'd with the ſight, and fiſt, aſide the man
Bow'd low, and this ſoliloquy began:
"I'll ſay thou'rt graceful;—very graceful—and
Thy very look will reverence command!
Thy dreſs is handſome.—very genteel:—ſtill
Not the leaſt foppiſh, if I've any ſkill:
Beſides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
Into dark things, and ſolve each hard debate,
Or, as the proverb ſays, can "ſee as far
Into a millſtone"—here the gate did jar;
For John had done according to command,
And waiting ſtood, with nag and cap in hand.

The ſteed was ſleek, and bore a lofty creſt,
And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's beaſt;
Nor ever was DON QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
For ſpeed, and beauty to be named with it;
So this, you'll ſay, was fit to bear a pack
Of precious ware, as they, upon his back?
And all agree his worſhip's teeming full
Of juſt ſuch wit, as they bore in the ſkull,
This bonny nag Sir MINOS did beſtride,
And thro' the town with ſolemn pace did ride;
About ten furlongs they had paſs'd before
The Knight, and 'Squire, of ſilence broke the door
And then it was the Juſtice came t'himſelf,
From contemplating on his wit, and pelf:
With liſping accent, and emphatic voice
(While pate and, and bum, on thigh kept equal
poiſe.)
He put theſe queries to his cunning 'Squire,
And then ſly John to Knight rode ſomething
nigher.
Jack, thou muſt tell me true what I now aſk,
Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly taſk:
Sir, there's no doubt, (ſays John) then tell me pray
What ſays the world that now I bear ſuch ſway?
Why, Sir! they ſpeak exceeding well of you,
As wiſe and good; to King and country true.
Thou anſwer'ſt well, and glad I am to know,
The world ſuch thoughts ſo juſtly do beſtow.
Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes aſkew
As he came on: but hark thee, Jack;—tell true
When I appear, don't wicked raſcals quake?
Yes, that they do; and like an aſpin ſhake.
What do they think, when I'm upon the bench?
You knock down ſin, and burning luſt do quench
Whoſe judgment is't a knotty matter clears?
Sir, yours alone ſinks twice as deep as theirs:
Jack bites his lip, that while the Knight goes on,
Thy words are good,—I'll mend thy wages, John

I thank you, Sir—I'm much obliged to you:
Now the Ouzel whiſtles, Wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u
And ſo went on like a ſhrill flute, to play
That gleeſom tune, the twenty-ninth of May.
Hold, Jack, ſtand ſtill, I hear a whiſtling noiſe
Within that houſe: 'tis ſure ſome atheiſt's voice:
Tho' Catholics, I've heard my father ſay,
Wou'd whiſtle, dance, and ſing o'th' Sabbath-day.
But who can this be? ſays John I cannot tell,
But man or maid, it whiſtles very well.
Some Papiſt! Jack;—In that I 'gree to you;
Then comes the prelude, Wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u.
Both liſt'ned, while the tune was whiſtling o'er,
The Knight, more vex'd then e'er he was before,
Turn'd ſhort his horſe, and in a furious mood,
Said I'll commit him—he's the ſerpent's brood,
He ſees me ſtand, and yet he whiſtles on
This Sabbath day; was ſuch a thing e'er known?
'Tis Papiſt-like to whiſtle againſt me,
Or, what's the ſame, againſt his Majeſty:
No doubt he knows I repreſent the King,
And that we both are but the ſelf-ſame thing.
Sir, ſays the 'Squire, this thing I know t' be true—
Now comes the flouriſh, Wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u;
And ſo proceeds with the old tune again;
The Knight cries out, O monſt'rous and propiane!
Was ever antichriſtian impudence
So baſe, to give both God and man offence!
'Tis moſt ſeditious!—Jack, light off thy horſe,
And bring the raſcal, elſe uſe all thy force:
For I this moment will commit him ſafe,
Where he'll not whiſtle, dance, or ſing, or laugh.
Scarce ſooner ſpoke than John was in, but made
Such queer demands, they knew not what he ſaid.

But he repeats, the whiſtling man muſt go
Before a Juſtice, for he'd have it ſo.
The man replies, " the whiſtler's good and true,
" And ſerves me well; but what's all this to you?
" He takes no bribes, he aſks for nought but meat,
" Fawns on no King, nor doth his country cheat;
" He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
" Nor meddles with myſterious ſtate-affairs;
" He'll whiſtle on, altho' a Juſtice ſtand
" Within the room, and ſlight his ſtern command."
Jack hearing this, began to ſmell a rat;
Howe'er he goes, and tells the Juſtice flat,
The whiſtler would not come; he fear'd no law,
Or King, or Juſtice valu'd of a ſtraw.
But when the Knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
And ſev'ral times thus by ASTREA ſwore,
I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
An everlaſting monument of ill,
A ſad example of ſeditious tools,
Of pagan knaves and antichriſtian fools.
And with theſe words he nimbly quit his horſe,
Raging with paſſion; never fury worſe;
And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
That ſlights the laws? whom I myſelf muſt fetch;
Where's this whiſtling Turk? this ſtinking he-Jew,
And now the bird ſing's Wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u,
And then the twenty-ninth of May begun;
What (quoth the Knight) was ſuch a thing e'er known
And, puppet-like, he whiſks himſelf about,
To ſee if he cou'd find the whiſtler out.
The tune went bravely on, whilſt he, amaz'd
Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd;
But ſtill this whiſtler was not to be ſeen,
Which fill'd the Juſtice with tempeſtuous ſpleen;
He ſtamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
As tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling Jove;

And then burſt out in this emphatic ſtrain,
Ungodly! wicked! heath'niſh, and prophane
To break the Sabbath! whiſtle againſt Heaven!
The King and me! 'twill never be forgiven:
A diſaffected tune too; ſhameleſs man;
Notorious rogue, he's of the Jeſuits' clan
And then once more tow'rds heaven his eyes he ſent
And ſaw the Blackbird in a wire-cage pent,
Moſt ſweetly whiſtling the concluding ſtrain,
Which ſtunn'd the Knight, as tho' with light'ning ſlain
He motionleſs as old Lot's wife did ſtand,
And ſtill ſtretch'd out his ſenſe-directing hand;
But at the laſt, he wheels himſelf about,
His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out:
Is this the whiſtler? nay, I ſcarce believe,
But both my eyes, and ears, do me deceive:
I'll ſay't 'tis ſtrange! ſurpaſſing ſtrange! a bird
To whiſtle tunes!—the like was never heard;
I thought it was not poſſible for art
To teach bird's muſic!—not the eaſieſt part:
Sure this is ſome Italian Ouzel brought
O'er ſeas, and was by wicked Jeſuits taught:
Why poz*, I ne'er was ſo deceiv'd in all
My life before, and with a thing ſo ſmall!
I'll ſay't, I took it for ſome Jacobite
That whiſtled thus; but who is always right?
A Solomon may play ſome fooliſh tricks,
And Britiſh Cato† err in politics.
Then beck'ning finger, makes the man draw near
And in ſoft tone, thus whiſpers in his ear,
Here, honeſt man, I'll give thee half-a-crown,
To promiſe me this thing muſt not be known,
For ſhou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
'Twou'd ſhame both me, and our moſt gracious king.

* A favourite word of the Knight's for poſitively.
† Walpole.

The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
But, wiſeman-like, in promiſing was ſlow.
And Knight perceiving that the Bird was put
In cloſe confinement, and in limbo ſhut:
Old Oliverian and phanatic zeal
Grew cold, and did to cruſted ice congeal;
And, calm as midnight, took his leave, but ſaid,
Be ſure this thing be never public made,
Thus MINOS left the Black-bird cloſely pent,
And, mounting ſteed, on new adventures went.

THE GOOSE:

A POEM.

To J—— B——, Eſq.

SIR,

AS I have the honour to be a member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the laws of the great *Chin Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of *China*, to read yearly ſome part of the ancient records of that country.

I was performing my annual taſk, when the extraordinary piece of juſtice in the following Poem fell under my peruſal: the original is in proſe; but more reaſons than one determined me to tranſlate it into verſe.

Your Worſhip is too well known in theſe parts, for any one to imagine, I could long heſitate in the choice of a patron.

The ſtupidity, peeviſhneſs, paſſion, and vanity of the Chineſe Juſtice, will undoubtedly ſerve as foils to ſet off, and illuſtrate your conſummate wiſdom, and prodigious virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this regard I dedicated the Poem to you: every true Briton, who hears of your juſtice, candour, and humanity, (eſpecially to ſtrangers) muſt be charmed with your conduct; for had all Britain ſuch Juſtices as your Worſhip, we might ſing, or ſay, with one accord, *Our Country is finely governed!*

But though I give you your juſt praiſes, I am afraid I offend your modeſty.

I am ſenſible that harſh ſounds cannot eſcape the animadverſions of critical ears and for that reaſon have been often on the point of changing the title of my Poem from *the Goose to the Gander*. But reflecting, that the Geeſe, who gave warning of the enemy's approach, were called *Servatores Romæ*, I choſe to retain my former title in honour of them, and ſuch like illuſtrious patriots.

To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for protection, and begs leave to aſſure you, that the preſent *Poet Laureat* * ſhall never want a quill to celebrate your immortal praiſes.

May your Worſhip live as long here, as you are an ornament to the high ſtation you are placed in; and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferred to the chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the ſincere wiſh of

SIR, &c.

* Colly Cibber.

THE GOOSE.

WEARY with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children and a ſcolding wife,
A Weaver is reſolv'd to baniſh ſorrow,
nd live to-day, let what will come to morrow;
er who the tireſome Loom can always bear,
nd not regale his ſtomach with good cheer?
With this intent he from his Looms doth ſtart,
nd aſks his pockets, if they'll take his part?
nd fortune favours, for they anſwer—yes:
Vhich makes him ſkip, and thank his ſtars for this.
hen Sunday-coat he o'er his finglet * puts,
d in high ſpirits to the market ſtruts;
here Geeſe and Ducks, and Chickens feaſts his eyes,
t only one fat gooſe poor Shuttle buys.
And now he thinks the happy moment come,
triumph, thro' the ſtreets, and bear the trophy home.
t who can guard againſt the turns of fate?
e wench he bought the Gooſe of, cries—a cheat!
n hence enſues a noiſy doubtful ſtrife,
h as was never heard 'twixt man and wife:
e gaping crowd around in parties ſtand!
, lo! old *Granidoodle* juſt at hand:
hen now their anger boils boils to ſuch a pitch,
t there was whore, and rogue, and dog and bitch:
words like theſe a Poem may debaſe,
d only ſuit the hero of the caſe.

* A woollen Waiſtcoat undy'd.

His Worſhip hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud—*What noythe, what noythe, ith there?*
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do repreſthent high Chineſthe Majeſthty?
Or that in vain I wear the ſhword and ſhield?
My name ith, wath and will be———
Both trembled at his voice—but firſt the man,
Made a reſpectful bow, and thus began,
" May't pleaſe your Worſhip's honour and your glory
I will exactly tell you all the ſtory;
This Gooſe I bought for twelvepence, and paid down
In good and lawful money, half-a-crown:
But now a ſaucy ſlut by change refuſes,
Demands more coin, and gives me groſs abuſes."
" What thay you, woman; ith thith fulth or true,
" Thith Fellow doth athert contherning you?"
" May't pleaſe your Sov'reign Lord, the King's
" great juſtice,
" In whom for Gooſe or money, all my truſt is;
" I wiſh I ne'er may ſee my ſpouſe, or houſe,
" If ever I receiv'd of him a ſouſe."
" But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? if
" tho,
" He thall to Bridewell for correction go."
" For God's ſake hearme, Sir," the Weaver cries,
" I'll ſwear to ev'ry thi ng which ſhe denies:
" If I han't given her half-a crown, than never
" Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together."
" Wheat! huther, thirrah! he thwear, you
" thwear too:
" If Tholomon wath hear, what cou'd he do?
" The matter ith tho nithe apon my trott;
" My mind inclinth me to confine you both
" But hold———
" I'll toth a piecth of money up, thath fair.
" Which thall decide the perſon that muſt
" thwear:

" But mark me well, the woman ith to choothe,
" Or head or tail, like chanthe, to win or loothe.
No ſooner ſaid than done—both parties willing
The Juſtice twirls aloft a ſplendid ſhilling;
While ſhe (ah! nature, nature!) calls for tail,
And pity 'tis, poor ſoul, that ſhe ſhou'd fail!
But chance decrees—up turns great *Chin-Quaw Ki-Po*
Whoſe very name my belly ſore doth gripe—oh,
His Worſhip view'd with joy the royal head,
And thus in broken liſping accents ſaid:
" By thith event we very plainly find,
" That Juthtith will take plathe, tho' thumtimeth
" blind:
" And had not I by Providenth been here,
" You two had fought it out, like dog and bear.
" Here fellow——take the book——for chanthe
" decreethe
" You take the oath:——but pay me firtht my
" feethe:
" From peril of the law you'll then be loothe:
" Huththe, give him the changth, and eke the
" Goothe:
" And thuttle for the future, let me tell ye,
" You muſt not pamper your ungodly belly;
" Geeth, Duckth, and Caponth, are for huth thage
" Catothe,
" Be you content with Thjannock and Potatothe.
His work thus finiſh'd, paſſing thro' the ſtreets
He tells the wond'rous tale to all he meets;
And hugs himſelf for this rare action done,
Whilſt all men ſtare, ſome laugh; ſtill he goes on,
" Plain ith a Pike-thſtaff 'tith, that I in pow'r,
" Do King and Country thervice ev'ry hour;
" And to my uthmotht do good orderth keep,
" Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
" O two, three, four, nay five timth happy nathion,
" When Magithrath have thutch a penetrathion!

" No thranthgreth now for Bread thall dare to roam,
" But with their wiveth and children ſthay at
" home:
" Ath for Philothopherth, I'll make them thqueek,
" In thpite of all their Latin, and their Greek.
" Newton himthelf thoud here find no protecthion:
" And all ith pupilth thall receive correcthion:
" There Papith all, in diff'rent mathks, and we
" Thou'd watch, like Arguth, dangerth to forthee,
" The nationth right on Juthtieth to depend,
" And tith our duty roguth to apprehend.
" Thuth withe men alwayth act, and I, thith
" day,
" Have Churcth and Thſtate pretherv'd, by quel-
" ling thith thad fray.

A CODICIL

TO THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF

JAMES CLEGG, Conjurer.

BE it known to all men by theſe preſents That I *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane* withi *Caſtleton*, in the pariſh of *Rochdale*, and county *Lancaſter*, Conjurer; having made my laſt Wi and Teſtament, bearing date the 18th of *Februar* 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and ratify m ſaid Will; and if I die a natural death, i. e. elu the Gallows, and within two miles of *Sha Chapel*, then I will that my Executors *John Colli* and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my houſe the d following, and with the advice and aſſiſtance *James Worral*, order my funeral, as follows:

I. I will that they invite to my Funeral ſixty of my Friends, or beſt Acquaintance, and alſo five Fidlers; to be there exactly at two o'clock.

II. That no woman be invited; no man that wears a white Cap, or Apron, that no Tobacco or Snuff be there, to prevent my ſneezing.

III. That they provide ſixty-two ſpiced Cakes, value ten ſhillings; and twenty ſhillings worth of the beſt Ale that is within two miles; allowing the beſt ruby-noſe preſent, *Roger Taylor*, and *John Booth* to be Judges.

IV. That if my next Relations think a Wooden-Jump too chargeable, then I will that my executors cauſe me to be dreſſed in my roaſt-Meat-Cloaths, lay me on a bier, ſtangs, or the like; give all preſent a ſprig of Roſemary, Hollies, or Gorſes, and a Cake: That no tears be ſhed, but be merry for two hours.

V. Then all ſhall drink a gill bumper, and the Fidlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilſt they are bringing me out, and covering me. This ſhall be about five minutes before the cnvalcade begins; which ſhall move in the high road to *Shaw-Chapel* in the following order, viz. The beſt Fidler of the five ſhall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two, playing *The Conjurer goes Home*, in the aforeſaid tune. Then the bier and attendants, none riding on horſeback, but as *Hudibras* did to the Stocks, i. e. face to tail, except *Mr. George Stansfield* of *Sowerby*, (which privilege I allow him for reaſons beſt known to myſelf.) Then the *Curate* of *Shaw Chapel* ſhall bring up the rear, dreſſed in his Pontificalibus, and riding on an Aſs; the which, if he duly and honeſtly perform, and alſo read the uſual office, then my Executors ſhall *nem. con.* pay him twenty-one ſhillings.

VI. If the ſingers at *Shaw* meet me fifty yards from the Chapel, and ſing the Anthem beginning *O clap your Hands*, &c. pay them five ſhillings.

VII. Next, I will be laid near the huge ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late Landlord of *Shaw-Chapel*; which done, pay the Sexton half a-crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the Alehouſe I moſt frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the ſhot amounts to thirty ſhillings; the fidlers playing *The Conjurer's gone Home*, with other tunes at diſcretion; to which I leave them: and then pay the fidlers two ſhillings and ſixpence each.

IX. If my next relations think it worth their coaſt and pains to lay a ſtone over me, then I will that *John Collier* of *Milnrow*, cut the following Epitaph on it.

HERE *Conjurer Clegg* beneath this ſtone,
By his beſt Friends was laid,
Weep, O ye Fidlers, now he's gone,
Who lov'd the Tweetling-Trade!
Mourn all ye Brewers of good Ale,
Sellers of Books and News;
But ſmile, ye jolly Prieſts, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your Pow'r and Dues.

FURTHER, As I have ſome qualities and worldly goods not diſpoſed of by my ſaid laſt Will, I do give and deviſe, as follows, that is to ſay, I give unto the *Rochdale* Pariſh Methodiſts all my religion, and books of Freethinking, as believing they'll be uſeful and very neceſſary emoluments.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimſical ſect, who is ſure the Devil is in him, my ſlice of the liver of *Tobit's* fiſh, which my anceſtors have kept pickled up above two thouſand years; being certain that a ſmall ſlice fry'd, will drive *Belzebub* himſelf, either upwards or downwards, out of the cloſeſt made Methodiſt in his Majeſty's dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the aforeſaid Methodiſt's, who are poſitive that they have a

Church in their bellies, my ſmall ſet of ſquirrel-bells to hang in the ſteeple; being apprehenſive that a ſet of the ſize of *Great Tom of Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a fabric of ſuch an airy and tottering foundation.

ITEM, I give my forty-five minute Sand-Glaſs on which is painted Old Time ſleeping, unto that Clergyman living within three miles of my houſe, who is moſt noted for preaching long-winded, tautologizing ſermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one heat.

ITEM, I leave all my ſpring-traps, flying nets, and all my other valuable utenſils whatſoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious art of Cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honeſt, and open-hearted friend, *Mr. Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly ſatisfy'd of his good inclination, and great capacity of the proper uſe of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, whereſoever he may be found, a pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancaſhire Dialect*; being fully perſuaded few others capable of reading, or making any ſenſe of it.

ITEM, I give all my humility, good-nature, benevolence, and hoſpitality, with all my other good qualities whatſoever, not before diſpoſed of, unto that perſon in the pariſh of *Rochdale* who can eat the moſt *raw onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, part of my ſaid laſt Will and Teſtament, as fully as if the ſame had been there inſerted.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto fixed my Hand and Seal, this 24th day of May, in the year 1751.

Witneſs
Robert Lees.
Joſhua Warren.

JAMES CLEGG.

LETTERS IN PROSE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CASE BETWEEN THE QUEEN AT THE BOOTH, AND THE AUTHOR.

To T—— P——, Esq.

Jan. 30, 1752.

BY your favour of the 20th curt. I perceive you have heard of the furious rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain Lady called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyeress*; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my family and interest. I thank you for your tender care; but, cheer up, Sir, I'm not of the law; for I have a particular friend that will screen me from long and costly suits: I mean poverty.

You desire me to send you a full account of what has past between us; I shall oblige you in this, though it will be both intricate and prolix; and as truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first agressor: for it arose from that strong tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclined to fanaticism, I should give it another name, and call it the spirit of reformation.

The first time I saw her was at *Dean Chapel*, in the parish of *Huddersfield*, where she immediately took my eye, and raised my curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the

very gallimaufry of a woman. She was dreſſed as gay, and airy as a girl of ſixteen; though old age ſtared full at me through every wrinkle. In ſhort, her out of the way figure and behaviour ſpoiled my devotion, and raiſed my choler to that pitch, that I could not be at reſt, till I had given her a reprimand.

Service being over, I ſtepped into a little Ale-houſe near the Chapel, and inquired of the land-lord who the bedlamite was, who was ſo old, and ſo very airy? He anſwered with a ſigh, ſhe's my own aunt, but you know I cannot help her dreſſing ſo awkwardly. Very true, ſays I, but will ſhe come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he replied, but very likely ſhe may. So I ſat down a few minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the Chapel-yard among the crowd: but ſhe had given me the ſlip, and ſo eſcaped my reſentment at that time. However, I left ſtrict orders with her nephew (who promiſed me to tell her) to dreſs and behave more agreeable to her age; or otherwiſe, if ſhe perſiſted ſhe ſhould hear from me in a more diſagreeable manner.

This paſt on about a month, when I chanced to ſee her again at *Ripponden*; and perceiving her ladyſhip was in no humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a reſolution, (Quixotte-like) to write a letter to her under a feigned name; and which, though kept to matter of fact, ſhe pleaſes to call libel; and by one means or other ſhe is become poſitive that I am the author: But this opinion might chiefly ariſe from my leaving the pragmatical order with her nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the Tueſday following ſhe ſaddled her nag, and rode to Juſtice ——— for a warrant, to bring me to an account for that, to which I was determined to plead *not guilty*.

On her arrival there, and laying her complain before the Juſtice, he demanded whether ſhe would ſwear the letter on me? N—o, but 'tis nobody elſe. Have you any evidence that will ſwear to this man's writing it? N—o, but he was at the *Black Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the letter was firſt found, and the very night before I received it.—In ſhort, ſhe could not ſwear poſitively, and conſequently no warrant was granted.

Things paſt on about a fortnight, when ſhe received intelligence that I was going immediately to leave Yorkſhire. So ſhe reſolved to pay me a viſit at Mr. Hill's before my departure. I happened to have the firſt glent of her Ladyſhip as ſhe came up the Court, with the bridle of her ſtrong *Roſinante* on her arm, and a young woman *(Phœbe Dawſon)* attending her.

On rapping at the door the old Gentleman went out, and after the uſual ſalutations, ſhe begun—I'm come to ſee, Sir, if you'll ſuffer any of your ſervants to abuſe me? No, Miſtreſs, that I would not do: Pray have I any that does ſo? Why, have you not a ſervant they call *Collier?* No, that I have not reply'd the old Gentleman. But have you not ſome ſuch a man about your houſe? Yes, he's in the houſe; and I believe there is ſome little connection between my ſon R——— and him; but I have nothing to do with him. Very well, Sir, then I've been wrong informed, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain ſpeak with him. Yes, Miſtreſs, that I will do. On his telling me that a Lady deſired to ſpeak with me, I appeared ſurprized, though I gueſſed what ſhe was about well enough: However I went to the door and made her a complaiſant bow, which her irritated ſtomach ſcorned to return.

As to her dreſs, &c. I ſhall refer you to the Notes on *Hoantung's* Letter: only obſerve that a blue riding habit, hooped with ſilver lace, a jockey's cap, and a pretty large black ſilk patch,

on each ſide of her mouth, made her cut a moſt groteſque figure.

After a full ſtare, at each other, ſhe aſked me if my name was *Collier?* Yes, Madam, ſaid I, what's your pleaſure with me? Why, I want to know if you'll ſtand to what you've done? O yes, to be ſure, Madam, ſaid I; What is't; Why about this libel: Libel! ſaid I, I don't know what a libel is. I ſuppoſe you do; and I want to know if you'll ſtand to it, or not, for you writ it to be ſure. Indeed, Madam your ſpeech is all riddle to me. But as I'm very buſy at preſent, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*, I'll follow as ſoon as I can, and there get an explanation. That's what I want, ſhe replied, but pray tell me what houſe I muſt go to? To Campenot's, to be ſure, ſaid I. And you'll follow me, ſays ſhe? O don't doubt it, Madam.—So away ſhe goes, and her witneſs along with her: But I kept my diſtance, as wanting both time and inclination to follow her.

Meſſ. Hill's laughed at me for my being honoured with this unexpected viſit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my match: all the gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her: and wondered that I ſhould have any thing to do with her; as ſhe would undoubtedly ruin me, though I was worth thouſands. I told them, innocence did not know what fear was, and that I was not apprehenſive of any danger.

This affair happened on Friday; and the Sunday following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my journey into Lancaſhire: and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the road, behind an Aſh Tree, ſix papers, written all alike in a large print hand, a copy of which follows.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON Friday laſt from Riſhworth ſtray'd,
Or was by Satan's imps convey'd,
A cheſnut Mare, with prick-up ears
Bad eyes, teeth loſt, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd; and very ſore,
A right whiſk-tail, and griſſel-mane,
A heavy head, and body plain;
A filly trotting by her ſide,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.
Whoe'er can them to Pluto bring
Their owner, that grim footy King:
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOZ.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I muſt ſee the purport of theſe papers, and what they were intended for: ſo I took care to have them put up at *Ripponden*, *Ealand*, *Halifax*, &c. on that day before noon; and they cauſing much ſtaring, and various ſurmiſings in the country; ſome pick-thank or other conveyed a copy of one of them to her Ladyſhip: Who on peruſing it, readily fathered the brat upon me; and ſaid to the meſſenger, you have done me very great ſervice: for now I never doubt, but I can catch the fox in his craftineſs, and then I'll make him clear all accounts, and pay you handſomely for your trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information; and I was told for fact that that evening ſhe killed the fatted calf, as it were and feaſted ſome of her Privy Council; rejoicing that ſhe had ſo fine a proſpect of gratifying her ſpleen, and attaining the ſummit of her wiſhes; and the next morning ſhe mounted her gelding, and, with the young filly ſet off for the Juſtice.

On her arrival ſhe found his Worſhip had company: however being well acquainted with her

he came into the room where ſhe was, (which had a table ſtanding in the middle) and ſeveral Gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the copy of the Advertiſement, and threw it on the table: on which his Worſhip ſaid, Well Madam what's to do now? Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you would not grant me a warrant before for this raſcal, and now I have ſuffered a freſh abuſe from him; as that paper will prove, if you'll pleaſe to read it.

He takes the paper up (the Gentlemen all ſtaring at the queer dreſs and behaviour of her Ladyſhip) and reads:

ADVERTISEMENT.

On Friday laſt from Riſhworth ſtray'd,
Or was by Satan's imps convey'd,
A cheſnut mare,———— ——

Why Madam have you loſt a mare? N—o, n—o, pleaſe to read on:—It means me Sir,

A cheſnut mare, with prick-up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth loſt, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-coloured feet before,

This cannot have any reference to you—ſure you have not four feet!

I aſk your pardon for that Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me, and no body elſe. Here the Gentlemen broke out into a laugh, which being over, the Juſtice went on.

Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd, and very ſore.

Here ſhe haſtily interrupting him, ſaid that's true; and is a very good proof that he means me; for at that time I had a tetter-worm on each ſide of my mouth, covered with black ſilk, and he names the day too, Sir; which was Friday: What ſtronger evidence can be either given or deſired?

Here the Juſtice joined the Gentlemen in another merry fit; and then his Worſhip aſked her, and who writ, and poſted theſe Advertiſements up, do you ſay?

Why this raſcal——this *Collier*, to be ſure——

To be ſure will not do, Madam:——But did you or any other perſon, ſee him write, or put them up! Or will you ſwear this is his hand?

N——o, n——o, that is not his hand;——for I have evidence here, that they were either printed or writ like print; and I can alſo prove that he writes that hand better than any in the country; and that's another proof that he writ and put them up, or ordered others to do it; which is all one you know, Sir, in law.

But will you make oath that he writ, or put them up?

I durſt ſwear he did; but, alas! I did not ſee him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this man will ſlip us again; for without a poſitive oath I cannot grant a warrant.

Here her Ladyſhip (with a heavy ſigh) ſaid, If Juſtice law will not do, I muſt ſee Counſel which I am told ſhe actually did. But I'm ſo very uneaſy that I cannot ſleep, and I think this grand villain will be the end of me.

When that happens, ſaid one of the Gentlemen if you'll come hither again, we'll try him for his life for committing murder; and make him pay the piper with a witneſs,

Ah! Sir, but this is no jeſting matter,——for all's gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long——for I hear the ſame ruiner of my good name has actually got that ſame letter printed which I brought to you——and if ſo, it is ſo ſcandalous, that taking all together, it will break my heart; and you know, Sir, the dark ſide of a good character is not quite ſpotleſs.

Very true, ſaid his Worſhip, but I can ſee no remedy for you in this caſe without good proof.

That's what I fear I muſt never have. ſaid the old lady, who turned her backſide without any compliment, left the rhymes on the table, and budg'd off; the whole being a pretty ſcene of diverſion for thoſe ſhe left behind.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to ſatisfy your curioſity, hoping you'll excuſe the length of the narrative; and now I have only to tell you that the letter ſhe mention'd to the Juſtice, is actually printed, (a copy of which I here encloſe you) and and which I ſell for a friend. Her ladyſhip has ſent for ſeveral, and always by perſons ſhe thinks moſt capable of pumping me: I always oblige her by ſending them, but ſtill keep innocent, and quite ignorant of its production, otherwiſe you might ſay—Good Lord have mercy upon

SIR,

Your moſt oblig'd humble Servant,

T B.

HOANTUNG's LETTER[1]

TO THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Tranſlated from the Chineſe with explanatory notes by LYCHANG the Mandarin.

The Argument.

To ſcourge a public Peſt, the Wife of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a Bawd or Scold:
I own this Mungrel Owl-and-crow is not
Half worth my Powder or one Grain of Shot.
Yet as no Perſon e'er could probe her Heart,
No Admonitions make her conſcience ſtart,
Let this true Mirror ſhew her putrid mind,
And how her Frame's to every ſin inclin'd;
If ſhe reforms, 'tis well,——if not, I'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!

We Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the Eaſt, To our moſt dazzling and ſerene Siſter, the Princeſs Eleeza, Empreſs of all Ruſſia, ſend greeting.

WHEREAS our wiſdom, like the beams of the great luminary of the day, pierces into the remoteſt regions and as all things tranſacted between the Poles are under our immediate cogniſance, by which our Empire is become univerſal and conſequently checks the actions of Sovereign Princes: We do now, by our aforeſaid power require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire to your ſofa; and there contemplate how, and by what means, you attained the

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1 The original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a public houſe in Rippondon, by a tall ſwarthy perſon, in a long ſurtout, turban, and whiſkers: a broad ſcimetar hanging on a but on, and his whole air and countenance ſo fierce, that none durſt ſay, from whence comes thou? ſo he walked off undiſcovered.

the palace of your reſidence[2] and the Empire[3] which you ſo haughtily govern? Why the Czar,[4] your firſt huſband, was ſo ſuddenly ſent over the Acherontic-Lake, and by whom? How the preſent Czar, your lawful ſpouſe, came to be baniſhed?[5] What fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring kingdoms and ſtates,[6] with one continued ſcene of war, rapine and diſorder?

We ſay, reflect on theſe things; and conſider with what indulgence we have ſuffered you to rule with an high hand, ever ſince you ſeized the imperial throne; which uſurpation we have winked at with impunity for the ſpace of three hundred moons; not doubting but time the offſpring of eternity, and father of wiſdom, would have mitigated the ſeverity of your reign: that the Czar would have been recalled, and reſtored to the ſovereignty: That all your ſubjects, from the boyar to the plebian, might have repoſed under their citron and pomegranate trees; eaten their autumnal fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges, with which the God *FOHE*, and his handmaid *Nature*, hath endowed them. But ſeeing that time works not

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2 The eſtate on which ſhe reſides.

3 This by the ſoundeſt critics is always taken for the townſhip of Ruſhworth, in the pariſh of Halifax.

4 In a letter from the duſky regions, 'twas hinted, ſhe puſh'd him into old Charon's boat, to whom ſhe paid double fare to wait him over.

5 Her preſent huſband, whom ſhe baniſh'd by mere dint of dagger; for one morning after hot diſpute about that muſhroom ſect the methodiſts, he found that weapon on a chair by her bed-ſide; and after ſeveral expoſtulations (ſhe not being able to ſatisfy him as to the uſe of it) he very prudently fled.

6 Some diſtant, as well as neighbouring townſhips, which ſhe continually vexes with litigious ſuits, about filiations, ſettlements, &c.

7 The government of the townſhip; ſhe being a kind of perpetual conſtable, overſeer of the poor, highways, &c.

the expected effects, but that you ſtill drive the car of government with an outſtretched arm; we are (as it were) conſtrain'd to ſend this our awful and imperial injunction; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the leaſt heſitation, to recal the Czar from baniſhment, and reſtore him to the ſeat of empire, to the boyars and waywoods,[8] their reſpective powers, and juriſdictions; and all your other ſubjects and vaſſals, to their liberties and privileges: That you conſider the unconſtrained freedoms and well-known pleaſures of your youth[9] nay even ſince time fix'd his plough-ſhare in your forehead; and be not too curious with your piercing optics, and officious hands, in prying into the ſprightly paſtimes and ruſtic amours of the ſofter ſex within your dominions[10].

Further, we will, that when you approach the moſques of the Gods, particularly that of Worotin[11]; that your poſture be decent, that you obſerve the religious ceremonies, and in all re-

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8 The officers of the townſhip aforeſaid.

9 Here is a large field for reflection! but I hope the reader will excuſe it, if the curtain be drawn over this part of her character, which may be unfolded on ſome other occaſion, if after ſeeing herſelf in this glaſs ſhe prove incorrigible.

10 This alludes to her well-known practice of groping the bubbies, bellies, &c. of young girls within her territories, when 'tis whiſper'd A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST. After cloſe examination, if ſhe finds the unfortunate pregnant, ſhe forces her to diſcover her paramour; on whom her Highneſs ſeizes (under the ſanction of a warrant) with as much fierceneſs as the eagle her prey.

11 The Chapel of Ripponden; where, when ſhe comes to ſhow her hunting dreſs, baubles, and bedlamitiſh attire, ſhe ſtands waining in the aiſle ſcorning to come in a pew, becauſe ſhe was not ſuffered to have her long-ſettle, or old form in its place, when on rebuilding the chapel, it was ſeated after a uniform and beautiful manner: And even attempted to force an audience of the right reverend the Biſhop of Glouceſter, to give this as a ſufficient reaſon why the chapel ought not to be conſecrated.

ſpects demean yourſelf as a true worſhipper of the God FOHE, and his prophet Confucius: that your deportment be grave as becomes the evening of life: That your dreſs (eſpecially the attire of your head and neck)[12] be modeſt, and free from thoſe youthful airs you ſeem to delight in, and are always the unerring index of a contaminated mind: That you appear no more in public with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets: as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful pleaſures, and can never make you more agreeable than a ſpruce baboon.

Laſtly, It is our royal will and pleaſe, That you make a full and general reſtitution; allow your vaſſals and ſlaves all due and accuſtomed meaſures[13]; encourage honeſty, and not ſtudy to pervert truth and juſtice[14]; heal all inteſtine diviſions, extirpate perjury, baniſh falſe witneſſes[15];

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12 In this ſhe affects the moſt girliſh airs: Tho' her mouſe-colour'd griſſel hair ſcorns to bend, or lie in ringlets but keeps its moſt ancient poſture, which is that of a—— ſow's tail.

13 This our learned mandarin confeſſes to be very obſcure, and may have ſeveral conſtructions; but inclines to believe, it hints at a certain antique pot, or cup, with a piece two inches deep out of its top, having been long and too well known to poor tailors, and other labouring perſons.

14 Being ever ready and ſtudying to torment her huſband (as well as others) ſhe this year ſent her emiſſary to the labour of her own niece, to perſuade her to father her baſtard child on him; following immediately herſelf, and finding her perſuaſions ineffectual, ſhe herſelf firſt uſed ſmooth and flattering terms, then belch'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the girl reſolv'd to father it right, ſhe ſent for the conſtable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but mother midnight being a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit, told him, he was out of his element, and if he entered within her juriſdictions, ſhe would try whether his ſcull or the tongs were harder metal; ſo he wiſely deſiſted.

15 As an old lioneſs is attended by her jackal, ſo her

eradicate ſtrife; cultivate peace; and let the dead ſleep in their graves[16]. Thus we take our leave; expecting all due obedience to this our royal and and ſacred mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation:——For ſuch is our will and pleaſure.

Given at our ſeraglio, in our imperial city of Twang Chew, this 14th day of the 999 moon of of our happy exaltation.

Signed, HOANTUNG.

HER EPITAPH.

Reader ſtop hear——behold what death can do,
He's torn the gew-gaws from Queen Beſs's brow;
And made one ſtone her Majeſty ſuffice,
Who living did from many pairs arife.

PRICKSHAW-WITCH BLOWN UP:

OR,

THE CONJURER OUT-CONJURED.

To T—— P——, Eſq.

SIR,

IT was a little before laſt Eaſter that a mixture of malice and envy between a brace of book-ſellers, produced two auctions at the ſame time in Rochdale; where one of the evenings, I, with

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ſhrivell'd grimneſs has always in her train one Phebe Dawſon or ſome other, who can ſwear the truth, the whole truth, and—more.

16 She charges her huſband with being falſe to her bed before marriage; and would needs have a young woman taken out of her grave, who had been buried upwards of three months; pretending a ſuſpicion ſhe was with child by him; and actually got the Coroner and Jury to the place for this purpoſe: But in this article ſhe was prudently over-ruled.

other bookiſh fellows of my acquaintance, reſolved to ſtay for a little refreſhment after the ſhow was over.

It happened that among others, there drew in his chair, an ancient man with one eye, a ſlouch'd hat, and very meagre countenance. Some of the company (as uſual) on coming out of the Auction Room, complained of the coldneſs of the weather. Single-peeper anſwered, "Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter theeſe ſix days." I aſked him how he could tell that? "Ho, weel enough," ſaid he; "becoſe ot Moon's oth' cuſp oth' thrid heawſe to Neet at ten o'clock." Humph, ſaid I, you underſtand Aſtrology, I perceive. "Eigh," reply'd Blinkard, "Ive ſtudit it e'er ſin ir fifteen yer owd." Why then you can calculate nativities, tell fortunes, or find loſt or ſtolen goods? "Eigh, eigh," ſaid he, "I've practic'd thooſe things oboon forty yor; on winnow turn my back o nobody."

I ſeeing his ſelf-ſufficiency, and that he was a kind of a mongrel between fool and knave, ſtared at him with open mouth, as in great ſurpriſe and admiration. Ah Lord, ſaid I, I've often heard of ſuch folk, but never ſaw any before; why, then you're a ſort of a Conjurer? Here he ſmil'd, and anſwered, "Eigh, I'm oft cow'd ſo; and ſometimes Prickſhaw Witch."

Prickſhaw-Witch! Good Lord bleſs us! ſaid I, trembling—I've a little girl of about ſix months old, whoſe fortune I would gladly know, but for the ſin of applying to ſuch perſons about it.—"Sin, now, now, it's no ſin at aw; it's naw like Logic, or th' Black-Art, but as harmleſs as any art ith ward." Very well, quoth I, if it be ſo, what muſt I give you to calculate my Girl's nativity? "Ho—I can doot at ony price, between one ſhilling and twenty." Nay, if that be the caſe, I'll have the beſt, though it coſt me five pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the Tueſday following, and the party that

did not appear, was to forfeit a dozen of ale — Then, after a fit of ſtudying and ſtaring on the ground, he requeſted that what I would have known concerning my daughter, might be given him in writing; and, in particular, the exact time of her birth; and I being a little on the ſlack-rope, reſolved to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following rhymes.

OCTOBER the tenth my girl was born,
Ten minutes after four i'th' morn;
Brown hair, and eyes of fair complexion,
And all her limbs of good connection.
I want to know her term of life?
If competency without ſtrife?
Her huſband, whether good or bad?
Her firſt child, whether Laſs or Lad?
Theſe things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whene'er they're ſhown.

I gave him the paper, and, after peruſing it, he ſaid, "I con mey rhymes, bo' now thus faſt."— So after a while the ſhot was paid, and we parted.

When the day of our meeting was come, I had forgot my engagement, and conſequently neglected to meet the Conjurer. So the Friday following he came to my houſe (when I happened to be in Yorkſhire) and without knocking or ſpeaking one word, burſts open the door, runs to my wife, takes the child out of her arms, and at the window examines its eyes, hair, &c. the better to peep into futurity. So that my wife, who knew nothing of the matter, took him for a madman.— Then he aſk'd her for a pen, ink, and paper, and left me ſome worſe than Namby-Pamby rhymes of the little child, and a ſtrict order to meet him the Tueſday following, otherwiſe it would be to my coſt, i. e. he would all-to-be-conjure me. This ſo raiſed my ſpirits, that he put me on contriving a way to be revenged on him, and fired me with a reſolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to Rochdale a day before the time appointed, to find a proper room, and a partner or two to aſſiſt me in the plot, which I had laid to countermine this modern *Fauſtus*.

Having light of a ground room, and a couple of comrades to my mind, I bought a pound of gunpowder, and try'd how much would blow up a chair, the better to gueſs what quantity would lift a Conjurer. Then we took up a piece of a board from the chamber floor, and under the hole placed a ſhelf, where a large quantity of well-mixed t——d and p——ſs might ſtand, to be poured on his head, juſt when the gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and ſpent the evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his ſtudy and pains the day following.

The time being come, my Worſhip was the firſt that appeared at the place of rendezvous. I found the Landlord had diſcovered the whole plot to his wife, and that ſhe would not allow of the ſtinking compound, (becauſe the Tragi Comedy was to be acted in her Bed Room) but as much water as we pleaſed. So I was forced to be content with a double quantity of water, which was placed on the ſhelf over the Conjurer's chair, and the powder under it; with a train running from thence to the fire end, where I placed a man as if drunk and aſleep, with a ſtick in his hand, ready to put fire to the train; and the Landlord above, as ready to empty the pale on his head when he ſaw the gunpowder take fire; the word of command being, *O the wonderful Art of Aſtrology!*

All things being ready, I ſat about an hour very impatiently, and began to ſuſpect the Conjurer had ſmelt a rat; when, to my great ſatisfaction, old Fauſtus appear'd. I roſe up with joy in my face, aſked his pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the Room.

As I had ordered all the chairs out of the room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of consequence fell to the Conjurer's share, with a table betwixt us. Then I inquired if he had fulfilled my desire about my daughter's nativity? He answered in the affirmative, and immediately produced a paper-book of sixteen pages, writ closely, containing the passages of my girl's future life, a table of the twelve houses, and a Speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming veneration as if it had been a Sibyllian Oracle, and begun to peruse it; sometimes stopping as though I was overwhelmed with thought and deep veneration; and sometimes groaning in the spirit like a full blown Quaker; which I saw tickled the Conjurer's vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the book in my hand, walked soberly towards the door (having a particular antipathy to gunpowder) and cry'd out, *O the wonderful, &c.* at which the sleepy man tickled the train, and ran out, which immediately fired the grand magazine; this was met in the nick of time by the water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjurer; all the rooms in the house being full of smoke in a moment.

When old *Spyropkel* came out of the compound cloud of fire, smoke, and water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as frightened out of my wits, and in a violent passion; I pretended to strike him with my hat a stick, but hit the wall; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration tricks upon me, and then made off with the old knave's notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our mirth, that the plot had met with the desired success.

After a while I inquired of the Landlady what was become of the Fortune-teller? She anſwered, he walked half a dozen times acroſs the floor, bruſhing his coat and then aſk'd for me? She anſwered, that I went off in a great paſſion, but had not ſeen me ſince: "Well," ſaid he, "bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obur'd me o this'n:" and then was for marching off. Hold, hold; ſays the Landlady, as you have frightened all my gueſts away, I'm reſolved you ſhall pay the ſhot. "Od, but that's hard, too too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier—'ll pay th' ſhot. I'll neither truſt Collier, Tinker, nor Cobbler; pay me for my ale. So he was obliged to ſatisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budged his way.

Since that time I neither ſaw nor heard from him, before the laſt Friday, when I received the following letter:

"SIR,

"THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating of your daughter's nativity, I will make uſe of the law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your paſtime; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had time ſufficient to pay me already the ſmall ſum of five ſhillings.

"NOTE, if you neglect to pay me. I will ſend the catchpoles in a few days: All from

"Your abuſed ſervant,

"GEO. CLEGG."

alſhaw, die
. 15, 1752,

The day following the Receipt of the above, a im came into my head to anſwer it in rhyme, ected,

To Mr. George Clegg, Conjurer-General would-be, of the County Palatine of Lancaster, at his nocturnal Study at Smalshaw.

FROM you, George Clegg, or Prickshaw-Witch,
Or Doctor Faustus, choose you which:
It matters not:——but I've a note,
By one of you three lately wrote,
Which intimates, that 'tis a crime
With Conjurers to pass the time.
Besides, it makes this queer demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English money straight,
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.
But hold, friend George, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste:
I promis'd payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's fortune;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lie.
Nor was it sterling coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to every knave,
Who roguishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know—
Pretend another's fate to show;
Which was the case, or I'm deceived,
When you 'twixt fire and water liv'd.
Again, consider, is't not hard,
After my wig and cloaths were marr'd
With fire and smoke, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.
Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up Old Belzebub,
Who ev'ry one did almost choke
With stinking brimstone, fire, and smoke;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p—ss'd, and three or four did sh—e.
But now, Good Faustus, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your fortune-telling?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry houses,

Your Oppoſitions, Quartiles, Trines,
Your fiery and Aquatic Signs;
Your Speculums, and Nodes i'th' ſkies,
Cuſps, Aſpects; and ten thouſand lies.
And don't you in your conſcience think,
Inſtead of fingering my chink,
That you deſerve, in high degree,
To mount on Rochdale's pillory?
Which is the only place that cools
That heat of aſtrologic fools;
And turns ſometimes a cheat like you,
Into a liege-man, good and true;
But now, becauſe I've ſhown your mercy,
You fall upon me arſe-verſy?
No, no, good Fauſtus, 'twill not do,
My teeth as ſoon as coin for you:
And hope that this, my flat denial,
Will quickly bring it to a trial;
When I don't doubt to make you pay
For all your rogu'ries in this way:
A cat with nine tails, wooden ſtocks,
And pillories, are for ſuch folks;
And ſure there are ſome laws i' th' nation
In force againſt your conjuration:
Or, what deſerves more ample ſcourging,
Your cheating folk with lies and forging.
So if you ſqueak but in the gizzard,
You're try'd by th' name of Prickſhaw-Wizard.

From your affronted Maſter,

PILGARLIC the Great.

This Sir, is the truth of the ſtory, to the date hereof; and ſhould he play the madman to that degree as to make a Quarter Seſſions job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and ſtand my friend; but I rather think he intends the commen law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an attorney of my acquaintance, who had ſenſe enough to laugh at his ſimplicity, and honeſty enough to decline being employed againſt me in this caſe. What the iſſue will be I know not; but if the bedlamite be as determined to ſue

as I am to defend, thers will be ſmoaking between the Conjurer and

Sir, your moſt, &c.

T. B.

To Mr. JOHN SEPHTON,

BREWER-GENERAL, IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR, Milnrow, Jan. 11, 1760.

AS moſt of the roaſt beef, gooſe, and minced pies, tarts, and cuſtards are devoured in my neighbourhood, I have now time to reflect on, and perform the promiſe I made you, of ſending you ſome *Lancaſhire Dialects*, and a few of *Hoantung's Letters to the Empreſs of Ruſſia*. All of which, (could I have my wiſh) ſhould not be thrown by for two or three years on ſome uſeleſs ſhelf, a corner, or hole in a garret, hid from the ſight of mortals by curtains of cobwebs, but turned into caſh in a few months, to be ready againſt the next time I come to Liverpool. In ſhort, vouchſafe to think on theſe two lines,

Some write for pleaſure, ſome for ſpite,
But want of money makes me write.

Which though they are but heathen rhymes are as true as the Goſpel. But now I think on it, I ought to aſk parkon for this uſeleſs hint to one whoſe good-nature has been ſo conſpicuous in this way; for in the few days I was with you in Liverpool I ſold fifty two bandyhewits, for which I thank you, Mr. Eyes, and a few more of my friends.

When I reflect on, and compare the humours I obſerved in your populous town, with a few others I have lately been in; I cannot but think that all cities and towns are ſubject to youth and old age; have their conſtitutions, diſpoſitions, beauties, failings, whims, and fancies, like us two-legged mortals; for inſtance:

The City of York ſeems to think as well of itſelf as a true-born Welchman; or, if you pleaſe, the Houſe of Auſtria; (who each of them can deduce their origins from the time of Numa Pompilius) and at preſent walks like a plain dreſt Nobleman of a Royal Houſe, and very extenſive Revenue: who lives ſplendidly and in affluence without deſiring to increaſe, or ſo imprudent as to diminiſh his paternal eſtate.

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving farmer.—Its merchants hunt worldly wealth, as eagerly as dogs purſue the hare; they have in general, the pride and haughtineſs of Spaniſh Dons, mixed with the meanneſs of Dutch Spirits; the ſtrong deſire they have of yellow dirt, transforms them into galley ſlaves, and their ſervants are doubly ſo; the firſt being faſtened with golden, but the latter with iron chains.

Halifax is a mongrel, begot by a Leeds merchant, and a Lancaſhire woman, and nurs'd by a Dutch frow. They are eager in purſuing gain, but not ſo aſſiduous as to forget pleaſure; and every day at noon think it no ſcandal to lay aſide buſineſs to eat beef and pudding.

Rochdale is like a growing haberdaſher or maſter hatter, black and greaſy with getting a little pelf: Whoſe inhabitants (like Leeds and Halifax) are great lovers of wool and butter; not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in proſpect, They don't ſtudy to oppreſs their dependents, as knowing it to be impoſſible; for their ſervants

ſometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being reſolved to be independent) play when they pleaſe.

Mancheſter is like a— a— I dont know what: hold;—why, 'tis like a lucky London merchant, who by the aſſiduous care and pains of himſelf, and his ſervants round him, has made his fortune, purchaſed a large eſtate in the country, keeps his coach and ſix, enjoys more affluence, eaſe and pleaſure, than ever his forefathers dreamed of; which is demonſtrated by his healthful conſtitution, his prominent belly, his roſy cheeks, and blooming countenance? and has ambition enough to aim at being the monarch (and perhaps deſervedly) of the whole county. But as your town and Mancheſter appear to me to be as like one another as two King George halfpennies, or a Wa—lpole and a Pu—ltney; and as one cap will fit both their heads, I'll refer its further character till I come to your favourite town, Liverpool.

Warrington within theſe thirty years is grown a buſy tradeſman, who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and copper, has got new life and vigour, and with an equal quantity of hope and reſolution, dreams of being a great man.

Cheſter ſeems to reſemble an ancient Lord, of an old, but mongrel deſcent; got between a naked Briton and an encroaching Saſſon, (or Saxon); has ſo much of the antique blood in his veins, that he's reſolved his ſervants ſhall ſtill be one third Welch, and two-thirds Engliſh. He's proud of, and boaſts his pedigree from the old Aborigines. Lives in great magnificence; ſcorns to make any alterations, or additions in his great-great grandfather's leather breeches, his truſty armour, or his old manſion-houſe; but is quite content with the old faſhions, and his large and ancient patrimony.

As for Liverpool, I'm at a loſs for an hieroglyphic, or a compariſon for it:—Hold,—let me

conſider——ho, 'tis like a healthful bee hive in a hot ſummer's day, where all the community (except a few humming drones) mind each their proper buſineſs.——No——this will not do;——for bees fly from bitter ale and the fumes of tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and ſelling, is reſolved to get money in this world, though he goes plump to the bottom of the ſea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No—this laſt part does not tally neither.—Well, then, 'tis like a gameſter, who is reſolved to be a Knight, or a knitter of caps: This is the beſt draught of the three, but a little unlike the original ſtill. And now, I own I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little ſerious; for Liverpool and its twin-brother, Mancheſter, are certainly agreeable, merry, and briſk towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by ſenſible, generous, and good-natured ſpirit: yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount Strombulo when in a fit of the ague, or in a paſſion, as in ſuch ſlow-moving clouds of tobacco ſmoke, as are puffed out in the public rooms in Liverpool and Mancheſter.

Two days ago I put on my old black cloak, which I lately wore with you eight or ten days, but I ſoon whipp'd it off again, for it is more ſtrongly fumigated, and ſtinks worſe than an over-ſmoak'd red herring; and I believe I muſt either ſend it to the fulling mill (as our country folks do p—ſs'd and ſh—n blankets) or pickle it a few months in mint and lavender water, before it will be in any tolerable ſeaſon. But though it is ſo diſagreeable to me, yet ſmoke to a true Liverpolian ſeems a fifth element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a frog out of ditch-water in a warm April.

By the time you have got thus far, 'tis very probable you'll think two things; firſt, That this

epiſtle is too prolix; and that I write like no body elſe. I plead guilty to both indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude with aſſuring you,

I am, &c.

T. B.

To T. P. Eſq.

WITH HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

I HERE ſend you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have ſent the laſt week; but being in the middle of their peruſal, and otherwiſe buſy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You'll find in this author ſome uſeful anecdotes, a great number of obſolete words, and many miſtakes in the orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the author and the printer.

Were there no date to any of his Letters, or any other hint touching the times in which he lived; his ſtyle, his whims, and notions, would tell you he lived in that moſt wiſe and learned reign of our Scotch Solomon, that famous and puiſſant witch-monger.

Howell's philoſophy ſeems to be in its infancy; his flattery at full growth. His faith was Herculean, like moſt of his contemporaries. He thought thoſe old boys the primitive Fathers, Saints. Their writings he took (as the lay-pagans did oracles) for infallible: Though at the ſame time he knew they contradicted, anathematized, and ſent one another to the devil, almoſt as commonly

as we country folks do pennance for getting baſtards. He never diſputed the cure of wounds by ſympathy or weapon ſalve, though the patient and ſalve were a hundred miles diſtant.

Witches and dæmons, he thought, were as common as old women and crows (eſpecially in Scotland). He made no baulks of believing the ſtories and prophecies of the ten Sibyls; though a genius of ſmall penetration might ſee they were the offſpring of over-zealous Chriſtians, written on purpoſe to knock down heatheniſm, and prop chriſtianity, that ſtood in no need of ſuch ridiculous crutches. Nay, the throat of his Welch faith was wide enough to ſwallow the eleven thouſand virgins.

All theſe, and many more ſuch boyiſh trumpery, were the dreams of our primitive fathers, and the monks, their heirs and ſucceſſors; and vaniſhed, in a great meaſure, with that moſt high and mightily-conceited James the Firſt. But let me quote this Welchman Howel for once; for he often tells his friends, to whom he writes, "that "talking of theſe things to you, is like Phormio's "talking of the art of war to Alexander."

There is nothing you want, that I know of but health; this I wiſh you ſincerely, being,

Sir, your moſt &c.

J. C.

To Mr. ROBERT GORTON,

IN SALFORD.

WITH THE PICTURE OF THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK.

SIR,

Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.

WHEN I began to form the deſign of old Belze on horſeback, which you and your Newcaſtle friend, ordered; I repented I had not inquired particularly what ſort of a devil you

would have, *i. e* whether you would have a black, or a red devil; as white, green, yellow, or blue according to all authors, are out of the queſtion: and alſo, what colour of a horſe; and whether if he rode on a mare, it would not do as well: But theſe neceſſary queries being unfortunately neglected, I have been obliged to gueſs at the whole, and have now finiſhed the piece, preſuming you'll not be ſo ungenerous as to turn it on my hands, becauſe I believe it will ſuit no other perſon alive but your whimſical friend.

If we can believe moſt authors, ancient and modern, clergy, and laity; there are many legions of theſe aukward ſpirits, ſome of which go about, and roar like lions: Yet tho' there are ſuch incredible numbers, and yell ſo loud, you cannot imagine how I ſtood ſtaring with the chalk in my hand, being quite nonpluſſed when I begun to hunt for an idea, as having never ſeen the leaſt glimpſe of any one of them. But reflecting that old Lucifer might poſſibly be a child of ſome man's fancy, in times of yore, I did not long heſitate, but thought I had as good authority as any other mortal to make a devil of my own: So I fell to it, and drew out my deſign, which pleaſed me tolerably well.

But, alas! when I came to the colouring part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what colour to make his gallopper. Here I had thoughts of annihilating my whole deſign, and giving up all thoughts of proceeding: But ſuddenly recollecting that I had heard old folks talk of the devil upon dun, I gave a jump, as thinking I had cleared the moſt knotty point: But alas! two circumſtances ſoon quaſh'd this ſudden joy,—One was, whether this dun muſt be a horſe, a mare, or a gelding? And the other, whether it muſt be a fat, or a lean nag? But not remembering any author that ever wrote on theſe abſtruſe points, I reſolved to gue

at them; and accordingly have not only made him a dun, but a ſprightly, able dun horſe: becauſe 'tis agreed on all hands that he goes with ſurpriſing expedition; eſpecially when employed by court-ladies in their gallantries, their huſbands in amours, or miniſters of ſtate in all treaties, which tend to faith breaking, leaving their allies in a quagmire, or robbing, running, or ſeizing their neighbours territories: and ſo much for the horſe.

As for the devil his jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a method to obviate all objections, and made him ride in both. In ſhort, he has the horns of Scotch bullock on his head; a dragon's tail; a Negro's hands and face; a lady's ſcarlet capuchin on his head and ſhoulders; a rake's ruffles; a parſon's coat; a beau's breeches; a tailor's gamaſhes; a jockey's whip; and a lawyer's ſaddle: So if this horſe, and this jockey, will not pleaſe your fantaſtical friend, you may tell him when you write to him, that I'll never pretend to paint a ſpirit again, whilſt I remain, (as I hope I ever ſhall)

Sir, your moſt, &c.

TIM. BOBBIN.

To Mr. ROBERT WHITAKER.

SIR,

Rochdale, Nov. 1755.

PERCEIVING that a Dutch ſpirit of gain, and the modern court notion that places were made for men, and not men for places, has ſlipped down from the great metropolis into this pariſh; and believing that I have as much reaſon to be rich without deſerving it, and to get money with-

out working for it, as any other in the neighbourhood: Revolving these things in my mind, and considering the utility of them, I have determined to offer myself as a third candidate for the place of organist at our church; and as you live at the court end of the parish, where your interest and acquaintance are pretty extensive, I desire you'll acquaint your, and my friends, without loss of time, with this my intention In the mean time, I'll improve myself in the art of music, for you know I have a pair of rusty old Virginals in a corner of my school, which have about eight strings left out of forty-five, on which I'll begin to learn those godly tunes of *Hackney*, *Colesshill*, and the *Babes in the Wood*, &c. with all possible assiduity.

This place, in my opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else; tho' I must own nature never intended me for a musician yet that is little to the purpose; for you know our Æsopian sexton has his deputy, and why may not I? besides, Sundays and other holidays will never interfere with *A*, *B*, *C*; or if you please, with my habernashing of vowels and consonants! and five pounds a quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the pulse of our friends either separately, or in a full meeting, let me know the result; if the conclusion be that I shall stand, I'll immediately write a few advertisements in the print hand, importing:

"That as I am undoubtedly the worst player of the three (for which reason I stand the best chance) I desire all justices of the peace, gentlemen, tradesmen, weavers, hatters, tailors, cobblers, tinkers, and colliers, to give me their votes and interest, in procuring me the snug convenience of twenty pounds a year: That I will not only keep and indemnify the parish from all charges of repairing the organ, but free it from all hoarseness

disagreeable whizzings, colds, phthisics, and consumptions whatsoever. And as our late organists have pretended to be organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any pipe, that then pure necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its belly, such as they wanted; by which means it has often been troubled with the hiatus, or windy cholic, and twice nearly gutted:

"Now be it known unto all men, by this advertisement, that I can bring indubitable evidence, that I am no organ-builder; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present state of body, but add yearly and every year (during the receipt of the salary) seven pipes (Chester make) till its constitution be as sound as a hunting-horn, and its guts as full as any landlady's in the parish. And as to the bellows, I have just now contrived a way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturallly as a phthifical pair of lungs in going up the church-steps in a frosty morning." So much for my advertisement.

These propofals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our parish, and I hope others will think so too; for which reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little monarchs, who rule all with a high hand, nay even with a stroke down the face, a nod, or a look; and always are thrifty, in proportion to the smallness of their families, and largeness of their bags and estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

Sir, your most, &c.

TIM BOBBIN.

LETTERS IN RHYME.

To RICHARD TOWNLEY, Esq.

SIR,

'TWAS Thursday last, when I, John Goose-quill
Went for some odds-and-ends to Rochdale
With charge to buy some beef and mutton,
But these, alas! were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some friends, I sat
An hour (my wife says two) too late.
However, chance threw in my way
Some Dutton-cockles, fresh as May,
Which well I knew would please wife's palate
Better than either lamb or sallet.
Quite free from care, I spent the hours,
Till time bawl'd out, to horse, to horse;
'Twas then the wallet press'd my shoulder,
And on I march'd, no hussar bolder.
When I go home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my wallet
Of candles, soap, and such like stuff,
Of which wed-folks have ne'er enough:
But left the cockles still at bottom,
(Bought to keep quietness when I got home);
Then pour'd some water out of jug,
Mix'd with some salt, into a mug,
And turn'd the end of wallet up.
For fish (like other folks) would sup.
'Tis true, their crackling empty sound,
Chim'd ill with cockles full and round:
But, far from smelling any rat,
I took up this, and look'd at that,
But all were empty—then I curst
Billy Porky, as of knaves the worst,
For selling nuts but ne'er a kernel,
And wish'd him with the D——l infernal

Now ſearching on quite to the bottom,
I found ſome ſtones;—thought I, ah, rot 'em!
Poor Billy Porky's honeſter
Than th' beſt of my companions are;
Unleſs the fiſh could, all at once,
Slip-from their ſhells, and turn to ſtones.
A while I ſtood conſidering
The plaguy oddneſs of the thing;
Grop'd at my eyes, leſt it ſhould prove
A dream—but felt my eye-lids move:
I ſtudied how I might come off,
Without Moll's frowning, or her laugh;
Thought I, my rib will think I joke her,
And brought home ſhells juſt to provoke her;
Or frowning tell me ſome mad tale,
Of minding nothing but good ale.
Then, ſighing, rais'd my maudlin-head
Reel'd up the ſtairs and went to bed.
No ſooner up, but there's a query,
Put by my loving wife, hight Mary,
What meat I'd bought?—Why—nothing elſe,
But pebble-ſtones——and cockle-ſhells.

To Mr. COWPER,

WINE-MERCHANT, IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Dec. 24th, 1761.

A Dizzy head, and thoughts o'the' ramble,
Makes me to write without preamble,
And bold as any trooper;
To let my friend at diſtance know,
The plague and trouble I go through,
Becauſe of Mr. Cowper.
For my crook'd rib, each now and then,
Doth frowning aſk me, pray, Sir, when
May I expect my mountain?

I ſhrug my ſhoulders—why—e'er long,
'Twill be at Rochdale, good and ſtrong,
And clear as any fountain.
But as the clock ſtrikes at the heels
Of the laſt hour—ſo Timmy feels
His ears ſtunn'd with this queſtion,
When will my wine and brandy come?
I clear my weaſand,——anſwer——mum——
Tho' I've your word to reſt on.
Perhaps your pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect
Of your care-killing liquor!
But hark you, Sir, the days are dark,
And cold: *Oh then I hete aw wark*,
As ill as any Vicar.
But in a month, or two, at leaſt,
Except the Sun wheel back to th' Eaſt,
You may except your beauties;
But in the mean time muſt I faſt,
Or guzzle ale, not to my taſte?
Nay, hang me on ſome Yew-trees.
I from my cot, this Chriſtmas-eve,
Write with a troubled mind,—believe,
And wife in doleful dumps;
For who can merry be, that's wiſe,
While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
And vex'd with jeers and frumps?
Pray ſend a line, that I may ſay,
To my *crook'd rib*, on ſuch a day,
Your goſſip's noſe ſhall job in
A tankard made of Mountain-wine,
Sweet water, nutmeg, ſugar fine,
And ſet at reſt

TIM. BOBBIN.

THE CUCKOW AND OWL:

A FABLE.

A CUCKOW many years had rang'd
Amongſt the feather'd kind,
To ſee if he a mate could meet,
Would fix his roving mind.
He tried all; he loves but few,
For ſome too high did ſoar;
Some were too little, ſome too big,
And ſome too ragg'd and poor.
At laſt he would a courting go,
To broad-fac'd miſtreſs Owl,
Believing her the prettieſt bird
Of all the winged fowl.
Tranſported with this odd conceit,
Away the Cuckow flew,
And in a very am'rous ſtrain,
He thus begins to woo.
Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
Long captive to your charms,
Nor can it have a moment's reſt,
Till your ſoft down it warms.
This ſaid, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
The Owl ſhe turned her face;
As knowing coyneſs whets an edge,
And gives a better grace.
Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,
But ſtruggled for a kiſs;
Which having gain'd the Cuckow cry'd,
What melting joy is this!
Thus thirteen moons the Cuckow woo'd
Her Ladyſhip the Owl,
Who thought her ſweetheart lov'd her more
Than miller loves his toll:
Becauſe he talk'd of Hymen's nooſe,
And needs would have her go

To have it ty'd about their necks,
By help of Parſon Crow.
But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
With Rev'rend Crow in love;
And hoping ſtill to make him her's,
The thing did not approve.
But leſt ſhe ſhould not gain the Crow,
She would not flat deny
The roving Cuckow's queer requeſt,
Leſt ſhe alone ſhould lie.
The Cuckow ſmelt the cunning jilt,
Too wiſe to be a tool;
And carries on the farce awhile,
To countermine the Owl.
For long he lov'd, and was eſteem'd
By the ſolitary Jay;
To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
The Owl to time a prey.
For ſhe not pleaſing Parſon Crow,
Wiſh'd ſhe'd the Cuckow then:
But 'twas too late, the time was gone,
And wou'd not come again.
Her ruddy face, ſo gay before,
Is turn'd a tarniſh white;
Her ſprightly mind, and brilliant thoughts,
Are like the cloudy night.
So now ſhe haunts the lonely woods,
And hoots in barns by night:
Complaining of her fine ſpun wit
And hates to ſee the light.

THE MORAL.

The virgin thus in all the bloom of life,
Is lov'd, and courted for a happy wife;
But ſhe denies——expecting nobler game,
Till forty comes, and ſhe's no more the ſame:
For time is gone;—then wiſhes vainly riſe,
She curſes av'rice, and a maid ſhe dies.

The GARDENER and the ASS:

A FABLE.*

PART I.

AN Aſs with poverty long ſtrove,
And paſtur'd in the lanes,
Till, hunger bit, he thus to Jove,
In rueful tone complains:
Ah! hadſt thou made me any beaſt,
That laden by doth paſs,
Then had my paunch been fill'd (at leaſt)
With ſtraw—if not with graſs!
Jove hears his plaint, and ſoon doth ſend
A Fox, with this advice,
Cheer up, and look more briſk my friend,
Hunger ſhould make thee wiſe:
Behold how gay the fool and knave,
Do ſtiffly ſtrut along:
The Rat is ſleek, I fat and brave,
With murder, theft, and wrong.
Look through that fence, where Spinage ſweet,
And Coleworts green do grow,
The Lettice, and the juicy Beet;
Then who'd be hungry now?
The Aſs pricks up his ſlouching ears,
And into the garden peeps:
He longs the more, the more he ſtares,
Then thro' the hedge he creeps.

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* There is ſomething like a moral at the end of this tale; but as TIMOTHY could not, would not, or durſt not deduce it naturally, from the general ſcope of the Fable, as it ought to be; he has left it (like a ſkain of ruffled ſilk (for hyper-political critics to unravel.

Balaam promiſcuouſly doth brouze,
On herbs and choiceſt flow'rs,
Till Tom the gard'ner, doth him rouſe,
And all his ſweetneſs ſours.
For lo! a heavy club cries thwang
Upon the Aſs's ſide;
He ſtarts at this unwelcome bang,
And o'er the beds doth ſtride.
The fine glaſs bells and pots are broke,
Carnations fully blown,
Alike are ruin'd at a ſtroke,
And wholly overthrown!
The Gardener diſtracted, ſees
The havock which he makes,
He flatters much,——deſires a peace;
And thus the Aſs beſpakes.
So honeſt Balaam: ſo, my lad;
Stand ſtill——I pry'thee ſtand;
The club is loſt which late I had,
As witneſs now my hand.
Thus, fawning he with cautious ſtrides,
Lays hold on Balaam's ears,
And out of Paradiſe him guides,
To pay for all repairs.
For 'tis reſolv'd old Hob muſt pay,
And Balaam ſtoop to th' yoke,
By fetching pots and glaſs next day,
Inſtead of thoſe he broke.

II.

The morning ſcarcely peeps, when Tom,
Between the crates is got,
And buſy thraſhing Balaam's bum,
For blunders paſt, God wot!
The Aſs bewails his diſmal caſe,
And groans for freedom loſt;
And longs his rider to diſplace,
From his triumphing poſt,

When, lo! he ſees behind a ditch,
Two thorny buſhes, where
He ſtraight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
And quits his rider clear.
The crates and Tom are left behind,
He ſprawling in the mud,
His face is ſcratch'd, his peepers blind
With mixed mire and blood.
Thus crates and ſaddle which, of late
Tom dauntleſs did beſtride,
Mount in their turn——thus mighty fate
Doth humble human pride!
He ſcrap'd his clothes, he waſh'd his face,
And then for Balaam ſtares,
And ſaw him nibbling at the graſs,
Diſcharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom ſwore by Jove, reveng'd I'll be
On thee, by hook or crook;
So with ſome pains and flatt'ry,
Again he Balaam took.
The Aſs is ſaddled once again,
And Tom again him mounts;
Reſolv'd to ride with careful rein,
And make him clear accounts.
He then bang'd on about a mile,
Where he'd a bridge to paſs,
And Balaam's ready with a wile,
As any other Aſs:
For he was dry, or did pretend,
At leaſt, for to be ſo;
Tom thinking he'd no other end,
So lets the bridle go.
The Aſs puts down its ſhaggy pate,
Then toſſes up his rump,
And tumbles Tom from off his ſeat,
Who lights i' th' water——plump.
Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
But as he march'd away,
He found his head was ſtill reſtrain'd,
Tho' Tom i' th' water lay.

For he'd the bridle in his hand,
By which the Aſs did draw
Him bravely ſous'd unto the land,
Ill chagrin'd in his maw
Tom had no ſooner found his feet,
But banged at the Aſs,
As if on purpoſe to be beat,
As iron is, or braſs,
But now his cudgel waxeth ſhort,
And cooler grows his ire;
Yet mounting ſteed is not his ſport,
Or trotting his deſire.
For hanging bridle on his arm,
He walks before the Aſs,
As fearing that ſome greater harm
Might quickly come to paſs
So time, who ſees the end of things,
Doth half his journey ſee,
Where Tom his pots and glaſſes rings,
Poor Balaam's load to be.

III.

Now Tom his brittle ware doth pack
In ſtraw well mix'd, with care,
And lays them on the Aſs's back,
Which made him grunt and ſtare.
Howe'er with patience Balaam went,
Until he came unto
The place where will or accident,
So late his maſter threw.
Nature, or man's contrivance, made
A high and lower way;
The one for ſuch as love to wade,
One o'er a wood bridge lay.
The Aſs by chance, or choice had got
Upon the higher road,
When Tom began to dread the lot
Of his precarious load.

No farther durſt he drive the Aſs,
Nor could he bring him back;
And Tom in ſuch dilemma was,
As put his mind o'th' rack.
Fear and vexation fiercely mov'd
Like light'ning thro' his breaſt,
Until his fury maſter prov'd,
And then he ſmote his breaſt.
The blow on Balaam's noſe did light,
Which drove his head aſkew;
A foot behind ſlips off for ſpite,
And all the reſt o'erthrew.
Now topſy-turvy, bell and pot
Do jingling tumble down,
And Balaam lies with four feet up,
Quite dead!——or in a ſwoon!
The Gard'ner with uplifted hands,
Extends his mouth and eyes,
And like a marble ſtatute ſtands,
In terrible ſurpriſe
A neighbouring Tinker by doth come,
And ſhakes him by the noſe;
Tom anſwers with a haw and hum,
As people in a doſe.
Then index finger he doth ſtretch,
And points at all his woe;
For look, ſaid he, that clumſy wretch
Is tumbled down below.
Well, tho' 'tis ſo, the Tinker ſays,
An Aſs is but an Aſs:
Tom quick replies, that's not the caſe,
He's broke my pots and glaſs!
The Tinker owns the ſtory bad,
But ſays——thy ſtanding here
Will never mend it——come my lad,
Let's view thy broken geer.
Tom and the Tinker now agree,
And ſoon unlooſe the Aſs;
Then roll him off the crates, but he
Seem'd deadly ſtiff, alas!

Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken ware;
But thoſe they found in *ſtatu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.
This done, the Tinker takes one crate
And ſaddle on his back,
Tom lifts the other on his pate,
And homeward both do pack.
As on the road they jogging went,
Tom told the ſtory o'er;
The Tinker did his caſe lament:
But ſtill he roundly ſwore,
Tom was fool in grain to think
Of coping with an Aſs;
Since more we ſtir, the more we ſtink,
In every dirty caſe.
The Aſs now left — contention ſore
Aroſe between theſe two;
Tom thought him dead—the Tinker ſwore
"No more than I, or you."
All authors ſince do vary here,
In this myſterious caſe,
Some write "he broke his neck," ſome ſwear
"He out-liv'd this diſgrace."
Be this as't will, we'll leave him here,
'Twixt doubtful life and death;
Expecting time will make it clear,
If he ſtill live and breath.

THE MORAL.

So have I ſeen a Miniſtry beſtride
A Common-wealth, in all the pomp of pride:
Who for the public good ne'er laid a ſcheme,
But dear ſelf intereſt was their only aim;
And neſtl'd in the umbrage of a Crown,
Rode Jehu-like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.
Brib'd S—n—rs, ſold votes, to make us pay,
Three-fifths to thoſe, who ſquander'd all away:

But now ſuch taxes ne'er before were known,
Yet knaves cry up the times, when freedom's flown.
O glorious times! when candles and the ſun,
Muſt yield them thouſands, or all's dark at noon!
The red-ſtreak apple, golden juice muſt yield,
Like bits of paper, or the ſteril field:
We feel the yoke, and fatal ruin ſee,
Yet dare not ſtruggle for loſt l——-y.
But tho' at preſent all things ſmoothly paſs,
Take care, ye jockies, leſt ye ride an ASS.

THE

THREE CONCEITED BEAUTIES.

A FABLE.

THREE country bumpkins chanc'd to meet,
Whoſe phizzes look'd like vizards:
The firſt the ſecond thus doth greet:
"Thy face is like ſome wizard's!
The uglieſt of the uglieſt ſort,
Thou art, or I'm miſtaken.
Sure Nature made thee all for ſport,
Or ſight has me forſaken."
"But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
And ev'ry feature's pleaſing!
This I would ſwear on twenty books,
But for my ſin increaſing.
For ſure thy noſe, thy mouth, thy eye,
Would ſuit no other mortal;
Pluto and Jove would throw thee by,
On entering grim Death's portal."

The third, and ugliest of the three,
Said, " Lord! how you're conceited!
I cannot stand a mute and see
Two neigh'bring friends thus cheated.
I wonder why such mortals should
About their beauty fall out:
Were I as ugly, I ne'er would
From my poor cottage crawl out.
For, with an ax and owler-tree,
I'd make two men as handsome,
Or live a slave in Tripoli,
And never sue for ransom."

THE MORAL.

This is an emblem of all human kind;
We every one to our own faults are blind:
Nay, though they're blazing, them we cannot see;
They're beauties all or pass from censure free.

LANCASHIRE HOB

AND

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

A TALE. 1762.

A THRIFTY carl was tir'd of lonely cot,
Because the toothach he so often got.
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing Rochdale town did then contain
A famous Quack, that drew teeth without pain.
To him he flies; and, in a voice as loud
As Stentor's, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd:

" Ho---oniſt mon, whot munneh gi' ye to drea
A tuſh ot pleagues me awmuſt neet on dea?"
" Sixpence," the Quack replies.—Hob ſpoke a,
" On conneh do't me, thinkneh beawt mich pein?"
" Ho! well enough." Quoth Hob, " Suppoſe I two,
Yoan do for neenpence?" " That I will not do."
" Heaw monny then for twelvepunce winneh poo?"
" All that thou haſt." Quoth Hob, " They're juſt enoo."
The Doctor took this for a country joke,
Till he ſaw Hob hard preſſing thro' the folk,
And mount the ſtage. Quack now ſome mirth intends,
And ſlily for a pair of pincers ſends;
Thinking he'd met one of thoſe puny fools
Would run away from ſuch inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers, " Vara weel," ſaid he,
" If they'n fit you, I'm ſhure they win fit me."
Hob now aloft is ſeated on a chair,
With open mouth, in which the Quack did ſtare;
Who laughing ſaid, " You have but ſix I find,
And they're ſo looſe, they'll wag with ev'ry wind."
" Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job."
" Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honeſt Hob.
Hold up your head"—" Oh!"—" There is one you ſee:
Come hold again—Here's two—Would you have three?"
" I think ot mon's a fool; we borgint plene,
Poo theſe aw eawt, or ſet thooſe in ogen."
" If that be th' caſe, hold up again, my friend,
Come open wide, and ſoon the work we'll end."
Hob now extends his ſpacious jaws ſo wide,
There's room for pincers and good light beſide.
Cries Quack, " Here's three—here's four"—Hob bawls out " Oh!"
" Hold, hold," ſays Quack, " there's ſomething more to do:

Come gape again—here's five—here's ſix, and
th' laſt;
And now, I'm ſure, thy toothach pains are paſt."
"That's reet," quoth Hob, "gi' me meh teeth,
on then,
I'll pay os freely os ſome roycher men."
The Quack complies, and Hob his twelvepence
paid,
Then, in diſmounting, to the mob thus ſaid:
"They're arran foos ot ſixpence pein for one,
While for a ſhilling I ha ſix jobs done.
But ſtill they're bigger foos that live e pain,
When good ſeawnd teeth mey choance to come
ogen."
The Doctor ſtares; and haſtily replies,
"They come again! not till the dead ſhall riſe,
One ſingle tooth no more thy jaws ſhall boaſt;
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth haſt loſt."
"'Tis done," quoth Hob;" and ſtakes a Charles's
crown,
The Quack as nimbly throws five ſhillings down.
Hob takes up all, and, in a neighbour's hand,
Secures the total—then makes his demand.
"Meaſter, yo know eawr bet is, that I've loſt
My teeth; and that I have not none to boaſt."
The Quack replies, "'Tis true; and what by
that?"
"Why, ſee I've ſix neaw o eh meh owd ſcull hat.
Ne ſur, if yoan geaw wimmy whom, I'll ſhow
Yo e'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo."
The Quack ill-vex'd he ſuch a bite ſhould meet,
Turn'd on his heel, while Hob ſaid, "Sur, good
neet!"

THE PLURALIST AND OLD SOLDIER.

A Soldier maim'd and in the beggars' liſt,
Did thus addreſs a well-fed pluraliſt:
SOL. At Guadaloupe my leg and thigh I loſt;
No penſion have I, tho' its right I boaſt;
Your reverence pleaſe ſome charity beſtow,
Heav'n will pay double—when you're there—
you know.
PLU. Heav'n pay me double! vagrant; know that I
Ne'er give to ſtrollers, they're ſo apt to lie.
Your pariſh, and ſome work, would you become;
So haſte away—or conſtable's your doom.
SOL. May't pleaſe your Rev'rence, hear my caſe, and then,
You'll ſay I'm poorer than the moſt of men:
When Malbro' ſieged Liſle, I firſt drew breath,
And there my father met untimely death;
My mother follow'd of a broken heart,
So I've no friend or pariſh for my part.
PLU. I ſay, begone. With that he loudly knocks,
And timber-toe began to ſmell the ſtocks;
Away he ſtumps—but in a rood or two,
He clear'd his weaſand, and his thoughts broke thro'.
SOL. This 'tis to beg of thoſe who ſometimes preach
Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach;
But their diſguiſe, to common ſenſe is thin,
A pocket button'd—hypocrite within.
Send me, kind Heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's face,
Who gives me twelvepence, and a curſe with grace,

But let me not in houſe, or lane, or ſtreet,
Thoſe treble-penſion'd parſons ever meet:
And when I die, may I ſtill number'd be
With the rough ſoldier to eternity.

JOHN OF GAUNT's LEASES IMITATED.

APRIL, 1759.

BY this, R—d T—y, of B—d, doth grant
To John Clegg, the dyer, three things he doth want:
The dye-houſe, as he many years hath it held,
With leave for two tenters to ſtand i'th' Greave-field;
Which tenters do fence near the north and eaſt ſides;
One likewiſe the field into two now divides:
The brow, or the lower part of the ſaid field,
Together with all above mention'd, I yield
Unto the ſaid dyer, for his life and mine,
Or whether lives longer: But then I confine
Him duly to pay me and mine ev'ry year,
Three pounds of good money, and I'll taxes bear.
One half he at Whitſuntide ſtrictly ſhall pay,
The other as duly each Martinmas day.
To ſhow that the dyer this leaſe did not ſteal,
Behold, here I fix both my hand and my ſeal.

Sign'd and ſeal'd this day, before
Two ſober mortals, and no more.

ANOTHER

I R——d T——y, of B——d, the younger,
Do grant to John Collier, for whether lives longer,
The Wheat-field, and th' Bylings, the rent four pounds ten;
Which payment neglected, are both mine again.
That my heirs may take notice, Know all, that this came
From my hearty good-will, ſo I here write my name.

Signed this day, ſans fraud or guiles,
Before JAMES HALSAM.
and
Dec. 16, 1758. J. FILDES.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND LAY-MISER's SPECULUM.

A RHYMING SERMON ON THE DECEASE OF DR. FORSTER, THE PLURALIST.

From James v. 1, 2, 3.

Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl, ye know
Your garments moth-eat; riches canker'd grow;
The ruſt ſhall eat your fleſh, like fires that glow.

HEAR this, ye gripes! ye blind inſatiate crew!
Whoſe hoards abound, whoſe heirs and friends are few,
And your own fate in Forſter's glaſs here view.

What's now become of all his griping ſchemes,
Of hoarding wealth, which foſter'd ſilken dreams?
The flaſh is vaniſh'd like our northern gleams[1]!
The ſweeteſt conſolations riches yield[2]
Fly quick, and wither, like a flow'r o' th' field[3],
You truſt a broken reed—a crazy ſhield[4]!
Wo to you miſers, you that live at eaſe,
Who ſwallow up the poor, your wealth t'increaſe,
Your mis'ries come; but tell me when they'll ceaſe[5].
Can racking tenants, and your treaſur'd wealth
Give calm content, or purchaſe balmy health?
Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by ſtealth?
No; here you're feeble! tho' this gloomy thought,
Torments the mind, that time will not be bought,
Though bags and cheſts, with mighty gold are fraught.
Conſider, now, if ſordid pelf will gain
A ſeat in bliſs, or eaſe one dying pain?
If not, from ſqueezing of the poor refrain.
Expand your narrow minds, your bags untie;
Nor tremble when you give a groat, for why?
Your God will ſlip you when you come to die[6].
Relieve the wants, and cheriſh the ſad heart
Of your poor neighbours, who endure the ſmart
Of meagre want, that pierces like a dart[7].
But Forſter's gone, whoſe life we thought was wrong,
And tho' the Devil at the court be throng,
He'll fetch—who ſtarts?—another ere't be long.

1 Prov. xxii. 5. 2 Luke xii. 20. 3 Luke vi. 25.
4 James i. 1, 11. 5 James v. 11. 6 Prov. xxiii. 5.
7 Eccl. xi. 1, 2.

From a Scotch Gentlemen at Glaſgow, to his Friend in Mancheſter.

SIR,

I Mind your kindneſs, care, and pains
To ſhaw yer city, ſtreets, and lanes:
Yer ſtately faubricks, on yer toors
Mognificent, bet net lik ours:
Then te yer kirk conducted me
The waa o worſhip there to ſee,
Wher auld bob-whiſtles ſoonded high,
And quiriſters did join the cry:
But dills the ſoond to grate the ear
Of a North-Britiſh Preſbyteer.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

THAU you hawſe-brether ſcoat de ken
My peins to ſhaw awr toon, woot then
Ye ſleeght aur fawbricks, ſtreets an toors
As net ſo ſtately queet as yours:
Yet knaw, an auld auk-cheſt may hoold
Mare wealth, than ſcrewtore gelt with goold:
And in aur ſtreets mare baubees paſs to
Yen another, than a Glaſgow.
But yet I've ſomething to ſay mare man.
Ye de net leek awr awld-kirk organ;
Bet thinks a gude bog-pipe ſoonds ſweeter
Thon that at Rawme played in St. Peter:
Bet where's the marvil of aw this?
Trampets flay pigs, and ools, and geeſe.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER,

FROM A WELCH CONSTABLE TO A COUNTRY INN-KEEPER.

To Etwart Tavis.

I WAS have it warrant from too ſhuſtices pace, which makes orter upon me, to make orter upon you, to make you peer, at Mrs. Worral of Retlion, Faur, upon the 17th tay of Shuly neſs, to give coſe why you was not take it to licenſſe for ſell ale like unto oter peoples——ay——ant to give it a very goot coſe too; why te ſhuſtice which poth all too, is very goot man's, will not give it his warrant upon you to levy upon your goots and kattles——So te worts of the warrant is.

Ay——ant inteet, I to tell unto you, it is a very pig ſhame why you was was not take it like all to Popolls in te *Comtizeth*. For what purpoſe our goot prenin make it ſo goot law, ant you was not mint hur? Hit was as good for the prenin, cot pleſs hur, make it no law, as make law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay——and you make te too pig fool upon our too ſhuſtice ant tat is very true inteet——for they poth all too was ſent to you too times, ant make ſpoke to you very fronteoll put you was very pig angry, ant paſſuant, ant ſay, cottam our good prenin! Shuſtices! Parlamen! conſtapls an all!—— Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot——the ſhuſtices poth all took very much angar at you: ay ant inteet it will be petter for you to come without making a pig trooſt: ay, ant a pig coſtis upon yourſelf ant will hurt your fameel.——I do deviſe you to take my conger, or it will be worſe ſo you: for you to know I was upon my ſwear to my ſmyth: And pi cot hur will to hur.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you: ant I was ſummon hur upon te twenty too tays of September, 1758.

John Jones of Goſkiſa Cunſtap——for the Wrexham Regi——una ſheer——timpy —ant John Skefton is my prother cunſtap, and was upon the ſame thinks with me—— in poth--pith I was ſay ant to farewel to you.

A LANCASHIRE LETTER,

From the Original.

Directed to Mr. John Scolfield, in Church-lane, Rochdale.

Deſamber 10, 1723.

FRAND John Sofeld I hafe ſand you a barle of oſters by John Teſter and I daſire you to ſand me word ou you lick tham ſo I bo k the baſte I could in oll London; and the man ſaid he wold hophould them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you to youes tham aſcoun as you can confenely and I deſire you to ſand me worde whear you wel hafe a hole barle or hafe one the nackes gorenne. But if ther be ane outher ſorte that you thank you can like better nor tham that I hafe ſand you, I deſire you to lat me no, and I will do baſt I can for you in any reſpeck, the ouſters coſt three ſhelen and I had rit to you forenou bout I hafe had no time to do nothing at all for whe hafe had a ſad misforton at ouer houſe for whe hafe had ouer houſe broke and whe hafe about 40 or 50 poundſworth of plate ſtole out of ſide bourde, and afers bede ſad thaat ſarfeens moſt be gelte of et, and I was nefer in ſo much trouble about hothing in all

my life: But my meſters and I whant to Johnten whild thief cakeher in the ould Bale, and he touids hou the got in houſe, my meſtreſs ſade ſhe was glad that her ſarfeens was clare, and there was another hous brouk the laſt nite in our ſtreet, bout got 20 ſhelens in hapens in a groſers ſhope, and the wack ſatham and the ranawiſe and I bought a congel crouke for Hanry Bamſoad, and et came douns in a bockes to mrs. ſtott, and I hordered tham to lefard to you, and I reſafed 2 ſhelin tordet, and et coſt hafe a croune, and I deſire you to tel hem that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in the ſhope Mr. Scofeld I deſire you to giſe ſarfes to hefere body that hackes hafter me. So no more bot your moſt homble ſarfant,

ROBERT SHORE.

ANOTHER FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Hollkom, Fery 26, 175

ROBERT ASHWORTH you muſt order that pes that I leveret you to this pateran and you muſt to witer ber, and tak 1 pes of Alleckſonder Weikater. It is rert op to chemlepes in grates, it is a fienwon that you moſt get et a doboll bllu and dou your in dever for me as I lii o great wee of for I want them in my ſhop. Pot ſom ſop t them and I will pee you.

A YORKSHIRE LETTER

TO AN ATTORNEY, FOR HIS ADVICE.

SUR,

GANGING dreely odt' loyn anent t' brig weet cout odt' ton hond, an o poke o' ma ſledin on him, an a bran ſpan new ſkeele it tuther

ot i'd guſt gean yan on eleimpence for: two grieſly illfav'r'd key o Johnny Lunds lawpt fra amangſt whinns, or I thout theyd baith a gaen full burr ower me: ſa I puncht dout to gar him gan odt toan ſide, an he bein ſkaddle ga ſile a lawp ok if war ſore flay'd wad a ſwithurt ma intut dyke. Sa I war fain to lig t'ſkeele ot grund an click hawd odt poke, an while I war doin tat, yan odt kye whimled ower it, trade ont, on dang it to tatters. Query Sur, woont Jonny Lund be like to make ſatisfackſhon?

EPITAPHS.

On JOHN GREEN, late ſexton at Rochdale.

HERE lies Jo.ⁿ Green, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, till, out of breath,
He threw away his ſpade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, ſoft as wind, poor John behind,
And puſh'd him int' his grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou haſt one in ſtore,
Since John Green's tongue and chin can wag no more.

On Mr. JOHN HAMER, mathematician, late of Rochdale.

HO, paſſenger! ſee who lies here;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing;
'Tis Hamer, the philoſopher,
Whoſe bellows have done blowing.
An arch and jovial wight he was,
And ſkill'd in Newton's notions;

He could demonſtrate by his glaſs,
The twirl o'th' heav'nly motions.
Copernicus's ſyſtem he
Prov'd true, by quart and candle;
And harveſt-moons familiarly,
Like full punch-bowls did handle.
Ah me! what pity 'tis he's gone!
Say, mortals, how it could be,
That he was cramm'd beneath this ſtone,
Where fools and miſers ſhould be.

On Dr. FORSTER, late vicar of Rochdale.

FULL three feet deep beneath this ſtone,
Lies our late vicar Forſter,
Who clipp'd his ſheep to th' very bone,
But ſaid no pater noſter.
By every ſqueezing way, 'tis ſaid,
Eight hundred he rais'd yearly:
Yet not a fixpence of this paid
To the curate——this looks queerly!
His tenants all now praiſe the Lord
With hands lift up, and clapping.
And thank grim Death, with one accord,
That he has ta'en him napping.
To Lambeth's Lord now let us pray,
No Pluraliſt he'll ſend us;
But ſhould he do't, what muſt we ſay
Why——Lord above defend us!

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

A Yard beneath this heavy ſtone,
Lies Jack-of-all-trades, good at none,
A weaver firſt, and then ſchool-maſter;
A ſcrivener next: then poetaſter.
A painter, graver, and a fluter,
And fame doth whiſper, a c——r:
An author, carver, and a hedge-clark:
E whoo who-whoo, whot whoſoo wark!
He's laft um aw, to lie i'th' dark!

THE BATTLE

OF

The Flying Dragon

AND

The Man of Heaton.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

I have very little to ſay to thee, O my friend; only, I hope by the following ſhort Poem thou wilt ſee, that I wiſh Engliſhmen would be content to be Engliſhmen, both in dreſs and politics.

FAREWELL.

The BATTLE, &c.

The Argument.

A Lancaſhire beau being at London fell in love with the large pig-tails and ear-locks, and conſequently brought the French toys with him to Lancaſhire; buſineſs calling him to Sunderland, on that coaſt, and the day being uncommonly boiſterous, he mounts his courſer, dreſs'd in the pig tail, ear-locks, &c. a la mode de Paris. The toy rolled on his ſhoulders till the blaſts blew away both that, and the ear-locks, they being faſtened to the tail with black ribbons.

A countryman coming that way and ſeeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a flying-dragon, and after mature deliberation reſolved to kill it. This produced three battles, at the latter end of which (the wind ceaſing, and the pig tail lying ſtill) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twiſts his ſtick in the ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as boys commonly do adders; till meeting the Rector of Heyſham, he was, with much ado convinced; and then in great confuſion ſneaken away; leaving his Reverence in poſſeſſion of the monſter; who ſtill keeps it at Heyſham, and often ſhows it with much diverſion to his friends.

20 MA 59

WHAT man alive tho' e'er ſo wiſe,
With ſpaniel's noſe, and eagle's eyes.
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling us,
Or whether joy, or ſorrow bring us;
That no diſpute there needs of this,
The Man of Heaton witneſs is:
A man he was, and very ſtout,
But whether quite ſo wiſe, ſome doubt;
And as my muſe dare not decide,
The foll'wing facts muſt be our guide.
So leaving him in doubtful mood,
Let's hint at one more underſtood.
Our other Hero, for we've two,
Hight Meynheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd city,
Half French, half Engliſh—ah, what pity!

Where courtiers, penſioners, and placemen,
By frequent ins, and outs, diſgrace men:
Where doughty Squires to Knights are vamp'd;
Where half-thick Lords to Earls are ſtamp'd,
Where all the arts of jockeyſhip
Are us'd, as at the turf and whip;
Where one throws out his deareſt brother,
And ſtateſmen joſtle one another;
Who lay their megrim brains together
To make our feet find their own leather;
Our eyes muſt ſee, ſans ſun or candle,
And in the day mope—dingle dangle;
Where bribery's the chiefeſt trade,
And laws againſt our intereſt made;
Where Britain's fate is—hum—decided,
And all 'mongſt W——s, and R——s divided!
But ſtay? ſhou'd I their actions paint
Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd faint;
So leaving them, and their grand ſquabble,
My muſe of better things ſhall babble.
This man I ſay was juſt come down,
From that French pig-tail foppiſh town,
As gay as daw, in borrowed plumes,
And all the airs of fop aſſumes.
His ramille ſecundum artem,
Was toſs'd up,—bleſs me,—ah—ad fa—t—m!
His earlocks too!—near eye brows plac'd,
His countenance genteely grac'd,
A pig-tail dangling to his a——e,
(O truth, 'tis thou that ſhames my verſe)
Being tagg'd with curious ſhining hair,
In various colours did appear;
With powder duſted; ſmooth'd by tonſure
He look'd as grand as monkey Monſure!
His nag, high-mettl'd, ſhin'd live raven,
Both ſire and dam, of blood in Craven:
He mount'd,—hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind;
Spur'd nag—(who anſwer'd from behind)
Away he flew—now boiſterous Boreas,
Vex'd to ſee man ſo vainly glorious,

Reſolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
And make his furious courſer ſtumble;
But finding ſoon this ſcheme to fail,
He aimed his force at the pig-tail,
And whiſk'd it round both back and ſhoulder,
Still he rode on—and ſtill look'd bolder!
Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
At ear-locks blew, with might and main,
Not dreaming of their being ally'd,
And to the tail ſo cloſely ty'd.
All Skyppo's head attire ſo gay,
The blaſt had nearly blown away,
When fortune raiſing ruffl'd hand,
Kept wig, and beaver on their ſtand;
But pig-tail with the ear-locks new,
Away with Boreas waving flew.
Our hero ſpruce ne'er miſs'd the toy,
But rode for Sunderland with joy;
Thinking to ſhow the faſhion new,
Which ſight wou'd make one laugh—or ſpew.

PART II.

BUT who comes next!—The Man of Heaton,
Whoſe very name old time hath eaten:
For Authors in this point do vary;
Some call him Roaf, ſome Will, ſome Harry.
But I incline for private reaſon
To call him Oamfrey, at this ſeaſon;
And ſometimes Noamp, perhaps may fit,
As ſuits my rhyme, or helps my wit.
But on he comes;—and fame rehearſes
His noſe, two feet, before his a—ſe is;
A truſty knob ſtick fill'd his hand
And thought no power could him withſtand.

When lo!—his lifted eyes aſſail
A long black thing, with wings and tail,
The wings quick moving with the wind;
The tail in curls, turn'd up behind:
So Oamfrey ſtops his ſauntering courſe,
And unto muſing had recourſe
Then ſtamp'd his knob-ſtick on the ground,
And crying in amaze profound,
I'th neme o'Jeſus, ſay—whot' art;
That two black tungs ſto meawth condart?
Whooas twiſted body's like the hurn
O'that fem'd beeoſt the Unicorn!
I ſay, whot art? ith' neme o God!
My ſtick ſhall—howd—I've heord a rod
Of willow, will demoliſh ſoon
The direſt ſnake below the moon.
With that ſtout Noamp his thwittle drew,
And on the edge three times he blew;
Then from the hedge, he in a crack,
Brings a tough willow with him back;
But whilſt the leaves he from it ſtrips,
Acroſs the lane, the Dragon ſkips!
Quoth he—I ſee theaw'rt marching off,
Boh howd o bit;—this willow tough
Shall, if ſtrength fail not, ſtop thy flight;
So ſtrikes the pig tail with his might,
And crys out, Boh!—then quick returns,
Then gives a ſtroke—then backward runs.
The monſtrous animal up flew,
And Oamfrey ſtarting quick withdrew:
His eyes oth' ſtare; his face grew pale;
With open mouth he view'd the tail,
Which briſkly wanton'd in the wind;
Then ſwore—its of the Dragon-kind!
On deep reflection he grew tardy,
And thought it ſin to be fool-hardy.
If I con ſeve meh ſell, quoth he,
Whot's Flying-Dragons unto me?

There con no wiſdom be I trow
In feighting things we dunnaw know;
For ſhould it chance fly e meh fece
I'm deeo'd os tripe—witheawt God's grece
So Oamfrey he the wand threw down;
Took up his ſtick, and march'd for town.

PART III.

TWO roods he had not gone before,
A blaſt of wind the monſter bore.
Within two yards of Oamfrey's ſtick,
Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
Quo Noamp, be this I plenely ſee
It mun be oather thee, or me:
And ſince 'tis ſo, I'll never run,
Boh kill, or dee before eh done.
Then in a paſſion from his hand,
He threw his ſtick and fetch'd the wand;
And poor pig-tail with courage freſh,
And all his might began to threſh;
But ſtill the Dragon kept the field,
Cock'd up his tail, and ſcorn'd to yield.
This furious combat by report,
Did laſt till Oamfrey's ſtick grew ſhort,
And a ceſſation, as fame reckons,
Continued, till he got freſh weapons.
But Oamfrey having luck to find,
A weapon to his murd'ring mind,
Says ſoftly thus unto himſelf,
Theaw feights for honour, not for pelf;
And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
Thy feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.
Then hemming twice—ſpits on his hand,
And ſnatches up the magic wand,

Reſolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
So ſtrikes with all his might, the Dragon.
And thus the battle was renew'd,
And both ſides to their tackle ſtood.
Again fierce Oamfrey's ſtick did dwindle
Into the length of common ſpindle;
But thinking now the battle gain'd,
Becauſe he with no blood was ſtain'd;
Reſolv'd to fetch another ſwitch,
To kill outright this Dragon-witch.
Now while this third great duel laſted,
Fierce Oamfrey's ſtrength was almoſt waſted;
The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
Had ſymtoms of approaching death;
And ev'ry member ſeem'd to fail;
He hardly ſtirring wing or tail;
For Boreas likewiſe tir'd at length
Had quite exhauſted all his ſtrength,
And all was huſh—ſo fortune gave
The field, and battle to the brave!
And pig-tail lies as ſtill as ſtone,
As tho' to live, it ne'er had known
And thus the Dragon here was ſlain,
Whilſt Oamfrey lives, to fight again.

PART IV.

OUR hero's courage none can doubt;
Nor love of fame was he without,
For when this glorious feat was done
And ſuch a victory farely won,
Ambitious Oamfrey in a crack,
Put kerſey coat on ſweating back;
And then with cautious ſtare he view'd
The Dragon; which he'd hack'd and hew'd;

But ſtill it prov'd above his ken,
As it might do, to wiſer men
Here Oamfrey muſters up his ſenſes,
And pride threw down all meek pretences;
So he reſolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the ſpoils of war.
With this intent his ample foot,
Held down the pig-tail, whilſt he put
His ſtick within the frizzl'd hair,
And thus before him did it bear.
Ten furlongs he'd triumphing paſt,
But met no mortal man or beſt:
When lo!—he met with heart full gleeſome,
The Rev'rend, Rector, ſtyl'd of Heyſham.
The parſon ſtar'd whilſt Oamfrey held
The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:
And after clearing up his weaſand,
He query'd thus, to know the reaſon.
Why Oamfrey, man! what have you got
Upon your ſtick? That I know not.
Where did you find the tawdry thing?
Tawdry! quo, Noamp!—why't, has a ſting.
A ſting man!—nay, no more than you:
Byth' maſs good Parſon that's naw true:
Look at its tungs;—its ſting's i'th 'tele,
Or elſe I'm ſure my ſenſes fail.
True;—quoth his Rev'rence, that may be;
And in that point we both agree:
But if my eyes, like thine, don't fail
It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.
A pigtele Pars'n! That's good fun:
No moor thin 'bacco-pipe's a gun:
Why, 'twas alive ten minutes ſince,
And that I'll ſwear, be king or prince;
Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,
An that no ſwine-tele, or his ſneawt
Cou'd ever doo, ſin Noah's flood:
And this I will maintene for good.
The Rector laugh'd, and Noamp look'd ſour,
For to convince he wanted pow'r:

Nor cou'd Noamp to his thoughts give vent,
As anger cork'd up argument.
His Rev'rence then began again
To reaſon thus? Why, look ye man;
This is black ſilk; and this is hair:
Feel—and believe—you need not ſtare.
Not ſtare? why Pars'n did naw you
Affirm juſt neaw, o thing naw true:
Did naw yo ſey it wur a pig-tele,
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a ſnig-tele.
Why man! but ſo they call the thing;
You ſee't has neither head nor ſting:
Theſe ribbands are to tye it on,
As you ſhall ſee; I'll do anon.
His Rev'rence then his wig took off,
And Noamp began to hem and cough;
His doubts he found to diſappear,
And that he'd got wrong ſow by th' ear:
For as the parſon was adjuſting,
Things grew the more, and more diſguſting,
But when he put o'er all his wig;
"'The d——l ta' yer tele o' pig!—
"What ſenſe is there e tele ſo black,
"That's teed toth' Heeod, an rows o'th back:
"If they'd ha things weh netur jump,
"The tele ſhoul'd awlus ſton o'th rump;
"That ſok moot know oytch fooliſh brat
"For munkey greyt, or meawntin cat
"Boh gawbies neaw gin kers'n nemes,
"To things, naw hardly fit for flames."
So Oamfrey grumbling budg'd away,
But neither bad good night or day.
The Rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again
At Oamfrey's notions thro' the ſcene,
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For ſport to friends in time to come,
And keeps it to this very day
At Heyſham, as my authors ſay.

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20 MA 59